



# Gun Witch

➤ Lead, Thread, and the Dead ➤



1. Pull the TRIGGER  
LIKE YOU MEAN IT.
2. A BULLET'S PATH IS STRAIGHT,  
AS YOURS MUST BE.
3. FIRST SERVE THE FATHER  
AND MOTHER - THEN  
THE COVEN - THEN YOUR  
ALLIES - THEN YOURSELF.
4. ALWAYS LOOK YOUR  
ENEMY IN THE EYE.
5. CARRY NO WEAPON BEFORE  
OR BESIDE THE GUN.
6. YOU ARE YOUR GUN.



# OVERVIEW

**Gun-Witch: Lead, Thread, and the Dead** is a game about trying to make your way in a world wracked by war and decay, where even the gods — those that remain, anyway — are struggling to find their footing. It's a game about building community and connection in a world that makes that difficult, about finding common ground with people who view things in a way you never could, and about doing what you can to bear a weight that you can't let drop, no matter how much you might want to let go.

It's also about the weight and power of violence, wielding your weapon properly, and working astonishing miracles of life and death at the end of the barrel of a gun.



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# GAMEPLAY

Playing **Gun-Witch** requires:

- ✧ At least one six-sided die (d6), or a digital equivalent.
- ✧ A way to write things down.

That's it!

## Stats and Resources

Every player character has five **stats**, determined by the **Order** they choose. Each of these stats will be somewhere from 1 (the character's weakest trait) to 5 (their strongest). **There's no way to increase or alter these stats** after character creation, so choose your Order wisely.

- ✧ **FORCE.** Brute strength, raw magical power, and the ability to tear the world asunder.
- ✧ **FORTUNE.** Barter, bribery, and pure, disgusting good luck.
- ✧ **GRIT.** An unbreakable back, a soul-piercing stare, and unshakeable convictions.
- ✧ **GRACE.** Elegance, speed, and reflexes.
- ✧ **TACTICS.** Cleverness, forethought, and the ability to make clear and effective plans.

In addition to these five stats, there's two other numbers to keep track of:

### POWDER

Your life, their death. Firing a bullet is a spiritual act of Disconnection, wearing on your mind, body and soul. **By default, you have 6 Powder at the start of the Job; it decreases when you fire your gun, take damage, or use certain abilities.** If Powder hits zero, your identity will begin to unravel, and you'll have to choose whether to go out in a blaze of glory (either dying or becoming *Shot-Drunk* at the end of the scene) or put down the gun and retire to teach a younger generation.

### MORALE

Energy, hope, and the motivation you need to push through the pain. **Set Morale to 0 at the start of a Job. It can go as low as -2 and as high as +2.** Usually, it's adjusted at the GM's discretion. If you're dealing with lousy weather, insufficient food, or an asshole employer, they might lower it. On the other hand, if you get an excellent rest, accomplish something important to *you personally*, or indulge in some good old-fashioned hedonism, they should raise it.

Each Order's stats are as follows:

ORDER	FORCE	FORTUNE	GRIT	GRACE	TACTICS
WESTERN	2	1	5	3	4
EASTERN	4	3	2	5	1
STITCHER	5	2	4	1	3
SEVEN-MILE	1	4	3	2	5
BREAKER	3	5	1	4	2



## Core Mechanic

When you need to do something **especially difficult**, and **something is at stake** (you get something if you succeed, you lose something important if you fail, or both), roll a d6. If the result is **less than or equal** to the relevant stat, plus or minus your Morale, it's a success; if it's **greater than** the relevant stat plus or minus your Morale, it's a failure.

If you ever need to roll "below a 1" to succeed on a roll, that action **fails outright**; on the other hand, if you would need to roll "above a 6" to fail, it **succeeds without question**. The GM can also choose to make a roll easier or harder, depending on the circumstances. (For instance, being in a duel might make it harder to attack a third party.)

**Example 1:** Lady Down-Comes-The-Pillar-Down-Comes-The-Roof needs to stop a runaway train, and fast. Her player decides that the best course of action is to tear the track out of the ground and redirect it into a shallow river, in the hopes that the muddy banks will absorb the impact and save the passengers from harm. Failure would either mean that the passengers get severely hurt in the process, or the train runs her down and continues on its path.

The GM decides this is a **Force** roll. She belongs to the **Order of the Sacred Stitch**, so she has **5 Force**, and she currently has **0 Morale**, so **anything below a 6** will be a success. Her player rolls a 4, and her plan goes off without a hitch.

**Example 2:** Sir All-Souls-Return-to-the-Weave is in a heated duel with a Deserving witch, Lady Everyone-Has-Their-Price. He's down to **2 Powder**, while she's down to **3**; if All-Souls makes his shot, but she misses hers, **Staredown** can pin her in place. On the other hand, if All-Souls gets shot in the process, he's as good as dead.

The GM decides that Sir All-Souls will hit his target no matter what, but has him roll **Grace** to see if he can dodge Lady Price's countershot. Since he belongs to the **Western Order**, he has **3 Grace**, and he currently has **-1 Morale**, so his player needs to roll a **2 or lower**. Unfortunately, he rolls a 3; Sir All-Souls fails to dodge, leaving him bleeding out in the dirt, while Lady Price is reduced to 1 Powder.

**Example 3:** The Honorable Bulwark First-Stroke-of-the-Final-Pen is hunkered down in aer nest, watching as a Horror stalks through the forest below. If aer allies are to find the beast's lair and mend its twice-cursed heart, they need the Horror *out of the way*. Stroke decides to grab its attention with some gunfire, hoping to draw it out of the forest and into the hills.

Normally, the GM would call this a **Tactics** roll; failure might mean that the Horror notices Stroke's allies, or maybe it gets a little *too* enthusiastic about following the noise. However, Stroke is a member of the **Seven-Mile Order**, so ae has **5 Tactics**, and ae currently has **+2 Morale**. *There's no way for this roll to fail*—you can't roll above a seven on a six-sided die—so it just works, at least for now. The rest of the party is free to head deeper into the woods.



## Combat

Combat in Gun-Witch is turn-based, and generally focused on *finding creative solutions* wherever possible. As deadly as you might be, going in guns blazing is still reckless. If your plan is to shoot anything that moves, you'll burn away your Powder faster than a muzzle-flash; if you get surrounded without an escape plan, you're toast. Save that kind of risk-taking for *after* the plan goes pear-shaped.

As a rule, **players should set the terms of combat**. The GM should provide them with a decent amount of information ahead of time, so that they can plan their approach, whether it be slow and methodical, swift and sneaky, or guns-blazing. Things can—and should—go wrong *from there*, but avoid throwing ambushes and traps at the party without giving them a warning that things seem shady and a chance to prepare for the worst.

### Attacking

- ✧ Shooting a sapient being always costs 1 Powder.
- ✧ Shooting non-sapient beings or objects usually costs 0 Powder.
- ✧ Firing a rare, non-lethal round at a sapient being usually costs 0 Powder.

Exceptions are always noted in the relevant abilities and gun customizations.

**Close-quarters combat** (punching, stabbing, pistol-whipping, etc.) obviously doesn't cost Powder, but you have to approach the target, you can only attack one target at a time, and it puts you in serious danger. If a **Western Order**, **Eastern Order**, or **Seven-Mile Order** witch attacks something that can fight back, they

## TURN ORDER

When you're in a fight, turn order is determined as follows:

At the very start of a fight, Western Order witches get a free turn—they can do what they need to before anyone else reacts.

If you're able to ambush or trap a Supernatural target, you're at the top of the turn order. Stay there unless there's a major change in circumstances.

After that, turn order is as follows:

1. Eastern witches
2. Broken Boundary witches
3. Western witches
4. Deserving witches
5. Supernatural targets besides Gun-Witches
6. Seven-Mile witches
7. Sacred Stitch witches
8. Mundane targets
9. Repeat this sequence from 1

When a player character fights an NPC of the same Order, the PC always goes first. If two or more player characters of the same Order get into a fight, whoever draws their gun first goes first.



will always lose 1 Powder in the process—whether or not the attack succeeds. An **Order of the Sacred Stitch** or **Order of the Broken Boundary** witch can attack in close-quarters without losing Powder, but doing so may leave them open to a counterattack from other hostiles.



## Guns

During character creation, you'll choose a gun based on your Order and then add a Gun Customization (see p. 48), which can add a variety of interesting effects, cause elemental damage, or add specialized non-lethal rounds to your arsenal. In addition, Gun-Witches usually name their firearms, and many of them are passed down from past Gun-Witches, old things with personalities all their own.

There are three types of gun, each with their own combat specialties:

### RIFLES

Large, long-barreled firearms that prioritize precision and penetration. Ideal for those that favor a (relatively) cautious approach.

### SHOTGUNS

Powerful weapons that fire concentrated clouds of steel. Often optimized for even greater force by the Stitchers and Breakers.

### REVOLVERS

The miracle of six chambers is emblematic of Gun-Witches, and the revolver is the preferred weapon of the oldest and youngest Orders as a result.

#### BENEFIT

Rifles can be used in combat regardless of distance.

Shotguns can hit multiple enemies at once, if they're clustered close enough together. **This does not cost additional Powder.**

Revolvers don't need to reload after a shot.

#### DETRIMENTS

Reloading takes time and may leave you open to a counterattack.

Reloading takes time and may leave you open to a counterattack.

Revolvers may lose effectiveness if your target is too far away.

Usually hits only one target per shot.

Shotguns may lose effectiveness if your target is too far away.

Usually hits only one target per shot.

#### WIELDED BY...

The Western Order, Order of the Sacred Stitch, and Seven-Mile Order.

The Order of the Sacred Stitch and the Order of the Broken Boundary.

The Western Order, Eastern Order, and Order of the Broken Boundary.

Certain gun customizations and Order abilities can overcome these limitations!



## Magic

Gun-Witches do not just practice physical combat; after all, if they did that, they'd just be people with guns. Most, if not all, contracted Gun-Witches also practice some form of magic depending on their Order – from the geomancy of the Seven-Mile Order to the necromancy of the Eastern Order's Black-Skirts.

The important thing to remember is that magic alone can never replace the sheer **force** and **speed** of the gun. The vast majority of spells and rituals are half-alive things dragged into the post god-war world, which must be slowly and carefully nurtured like an intricate sculpture or a finicky houseplant; the disconnective force channeled through your gun is living, breathing, practically crying out to make a mark on the world. In other words, **if you're not firing your gun or using one of your Order's abilities, you need a significant amount of time—and possibly materials—to prepare.**

Magic is rolled the same as any other ability, against a stat determined by the GM. Other than the abilities explicitly laid out for each order, there's not really a list of what magic *can* or *can't* do; instead, the players and the GM should think about what feels **dramatically appropriate** and like it **fits into the world of Elonanji**. If you do need any specific inspiration, we recommend reading about your character's Order and thinking about what methods and motifs they might have been taught.

## Mundane Targets

A **Mundane** target is anything that's neither magical nor a monster: ordinary humans, animals, machinery, buildings. As long as you have a clear line of fire and you're within range, you will always hit a Mundane target—you **don't have to bother rolling**. (After all, you're a Gun-Witch, and Gun-Witches have *exceptional* aim.)

Mundane targets have between **0 and 3 Armor**, representing how much punishment they can take. A **target with 0 Armor always dies in a single hit**; a target with **1 or more Armor** may need to be worn down first.

In addition, more powerful Armor is harder to wear down in the first place:

- ☆ **1 Armor.** Improvised scrap-metal armor, heavy leather, dense wood, sturdy ceramic. Can be reduced to 0 by **any attack**.
- ☆ **2 Armor.** Proper armor, stone, a thin layer of steel. Can be reduced to 1 by **sustained gunfire** or a **very powerful impact**.
- ☆ **3 Armor.** Masterwork armor, reinforced steel, vault doors, train cars, etc. Can **only** be reduced to 2 by **explosions, sabotage, or special abilities**.



## Supernatural Targets

**Supernatural** targets are what they sound like—typically opposing Gun-Witches, old-mages, or monsters too weak to qualify as Horrors. These targets typically won't have Armor (though there are exceptions). Instead, like the players, they have **Powder**, which **decreases by 1** when they're hit by any attack; when their Powder hits 0, they're no longer a threat. Hostile Gun-Witches usually have **6 Powder**, while old-mages and monsters will have around **1 to 3 Powder** (but will never spend it to attack you).

Since these targets are faster and tougher than most, the GM may have you make an appropriate roll when attacking them, depending on the conditions. (**Force** to penetrate a magical ward or dense chitin plating, **Tactics** to fire at exactly the right moment to catch them off-guard, etc.) On a success, the target takes damage; on a failure, they're unharmed. (There are no additional consequences for missing.)

## Horrors

**Horrors** are entities too strong or too *strange* to be killed under normal circumstances: undead and half-born gods, localized supernatural *phenomena*, armies of ghosts, interdimensional intruders, and the notorious **Shot-Drunks**, witches who've fired their entire souls away and still draw breath.

Such creatures are immune to blade and bullet alike. But they always have a *story* at the heart of them, which defines their nature and their needs—stories that can be unraveled like a worn-out sweater.

*(For more information on Horrors, see p. 73)*

## ON THE ORDER OF WHAT YOU DESERVE

As fellow Gun-Witches, Deserving spend Powder to fire their guns at a sapient target, just like you do. They also have the skills and equipment to go toe-to-toe with other witches. Against Deserving, it is indeed normal to roll to shoot them because of heavy armor or their superior mobility in a situation—or simply to see if you can dodge their countershot.

Given these facts, it is extremely important to make each shot against a Deserving witch count. Limb shots, head shots, ambushes and traps are vital to taking out Deserving in a fight. But not all Deserving need be fought. A few can be deconverted, but these are generally rare as the Deserving needs to honestly mean to move away from their past. In addition, their own contract with Father and Mother means they cannot un-become Gun-Witches; they must instead convert to another Order.



GAMEPLAY



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# WHAT IS A GUN-WITCH?

**Gun-Witch** is a gender-neutral term for practitioners of a religion known, in full, as **The Sacred Path of the Six Chambers**. Though several different **Orders** exist, each with its own tenets, all Gun-Witches venerate the twin gods **Father Steel** and **Mother Cordite**, gather in covens of anywhere between three and one hundred members, and train diligently to master the arts of magic and gunplay.

While you don't *have* to be a witch to wield a firearm, few outsiders are foolish enough to try it. Guns are immensely powerful but terribly *capricious* weapons by nature—just like the Father and Mother, of course. Some of the greatest Gun-Witches in history have been cut down in their prime because of a risk that didn't pay off, or some minor bit of maintenance they neglected; without that martial and mystical training, picking up a revolver is tantamount to signing your suicide note.

There are no lay members of any Gun-Witch sect, nor is membership hereditary. In fact, it is **impossible** for any practicing Gun-Witch to have children—the effects of a long-standing declaration by the Father and Mother, a response to corruption and feuding in the Western Order's early days that threatened to tear the community to shreds. (It seems that dynastic politics mix poorly with unequalled mastery of the art of killing.)

Orphans and runaways are adopted from time to time, but they're raised by the entire coven, and are not permitted access to firearms until they come of age.

Since one cannot be born a Gun-Witch, all members converted at some point or another, studying technique and theology under one or more of their elders before signing a contract of service to the gods and being ritually branded with a mark representing their order. Upon conversion, Gun-Witches adopt a new name, typically in the form of a short sentence or phrase: *Lady Ashes-Of-The-Fallen*, "Ashes" for short; *Sir Bask-In-The-Purple-Of-Sunset*, "Sunset" for short; *Ser Shotgun-Sings-From-The-Branches*, or "Sings" for short.

## What Isn't a Gun-Witch?

With the exception of the heretical Order of What You Deserve—who are always on the lookout for another sucker—Gun-Witches don't, as a rule, proselytize. Even the most inflexible Western and Seven-Mile witches *don't care* what outsiders believe—that's *their* business—and when a Gun-Witch offers someone help, they're generally doing it either for cash or out of the goodness of their hearts, not because they hope to recruit them. (The issue can, admittedly, get a bit gray with the runaways and orphans that witches sometimes take in, but it's generally agreed that one shouldn't cross the line from *offering* conversion to *pushing* it on them... even if not everyone agrees on where that line is.)

Gun-Witch Orders are decentralized and with no established hierarchy; each coven operates independently. Older or especially skilled members of a given coven may hold sway **within** it, but even then, they're not *authority figures* so much as *role models*, treated with no more respect than they've earned.

**Gun-Witches are not cops or lawmen.** They might *occasionally* enforce municipal or corporate rules, but only on a case-by-case basis—and it's just as likely that someone will pay them to run a heist, or that a businessman or corrupt official who sought out their services will end up with a bullet in his head from a Mysterious, Unknown Source. Needless to say, outsiders foolish enough to trust the authorities find this behavior terrifying and irresponsible; those who know better will either sympathize with it, or treat Gun-Witches almost like a force of nature, unpredictable and destructive but not *malicious*.





# CHARACTER CREATION

## AND THE

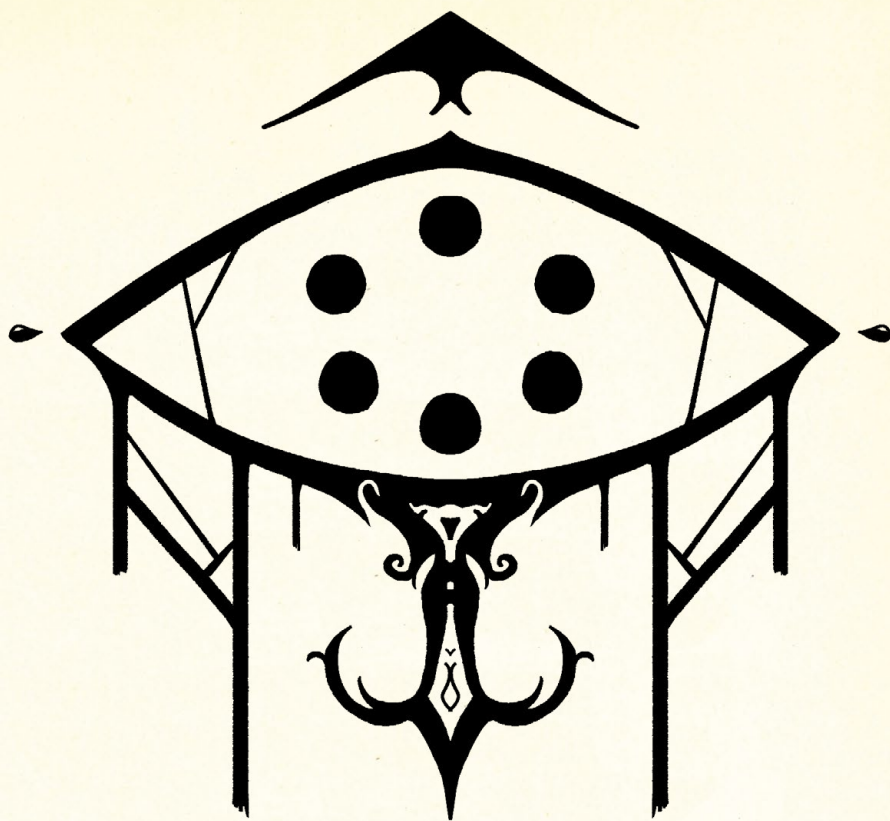
# GUN-WITCH ORDERS

When creating a character, start by choosing from one of the five playable Gun-Witch **Orders** – Western (p. 15), Eastern (p. 20), Sacred Stitch (p. 25), Seven-Mile (p. 30), or Broken Boundary (p. 35). You receive **all** of your Order's core abilities, in addition to **two** of the six optional powers for that Order.

After that, pick one **Spark** (p. 45).

Finally, select one **gun customization** (p. 48). Note that certain gun mods are limited to certain Orders; they'll list their Order if so.

Note that **you don't assign or roll your stats**—they're determined entirely based on your Order. If you're a Western Order witch, you *will* have 5 Grit, 4 Tactics, etc.—such is the nature of the philosophy you've adopted and the fighting style you've mastered.



## The Western Order

*"The physical world? A distraction, a flash in the pan at best. What matters is in your head, and in your eyes. You aim with your eye, and nothing else. But true power? It's not needing to draw your gun at all."*



5 GRIT · 4 TACTICS · 3 GRACE · 2 FORCE · 1 FORTUNE



**Choose one:** Rifle or Revolver

**Example names:** Lady Three-Five-Seven, Sir Six-Shots-Six-Graves, Ser Wailing-Wind-Carries-Cartridges, Lady Sun-Sets-on-Broken-Bodies

The **Western Order** is nothing more and nothing less than the foundational order, the first rotation of the cylinder. When people think of a Gun-Witch, they're probably thinking of their characteristic dusters, wide-brimmed hats, and taciturn demeanors. Some might turn their nose at their traditional ways, but none can doubt the aura of power and history that flows off them—or how fast they can make you dead.



## Abilities

All members of the Western Order get the following two abilities:

**Standoff.** If you *could* kill someone (or something) with your next shot, as long as your gun is aimed at them, they won't move or cause trouble. (This applies even if you're down to 1 Powder—who knows what you're willing to do?)

**Quick-Draw.** No matter how bad things get, no matter how hurt and miserable you are, you can draw and fire your gun in an instant—fast enough to catch *anyone* off guard (except other Western witches). As such, Western witches *always* get to act first in a fight.

Choose two more abilities from the following list:

**Too Stubborn To Lose.** When you lose Powder, you may instead decrease your Morale by 1, down to a minimum of -2.

**You Dig.** When you have someone in a **Standoff**, you can give them one simple order (e.g. “*leave the building*,” “*give me your keys*,” “*tell me where they took the cash*”). The target can't ignore or resist the order — if they can carry it out, they do — with one exception: If they or a loved one would be killed or severely injured in the attempt, they won't comply. After all, they'd be screwed either way.

**Threadripper.** *Cost: 1 Powder.* Shoot someone, but instead of hurting them, hurt someone tied to them. Shoot a man and his husband dies. Put a bullet between the eyes of a hired gun, and it burrows into her boss's brain. This can either be targeted at someone you *know* is connected to the target, or a luck-of-the-draw ricochet. (The latter is a Bad Idea—could hit *you* for all you know.) If either the immediate target or ultimate victim has Armor, the lower value applies.

**The Last Word.** Once per Job, you may converse with any corpse killed by a firearm, be it by your own hand or another. The bullet need not be lodged in the body; simply having been killed with a firearm is enough. In addition, they are vulnerable to your other abilities. (*Such as You Dig, Skein-Sight, and Threadripper.*)

**Soul-Shot.** *Cost: 1 Powder.* You can aim at things beyond petty flesh. Against any living target, you can opt to shoot into their soul, aiming to take out memories, social ties, or even parts of their personality. More difficult targets may call for a Tactics roll. This ability only works on someone you could kill.

**Skein-Sight.** When you make sustained eye contact with someone (at least five seconds), you can see the ties that bind them to this world. Important relationships, their place in power structures, and so on are all laid out in front of you like a cosmic cross-stitch.

## Beliefs and Practices

In many ways, the Western Order is from another time. They are the first Gun-Witches, who carved their theology from the ruins of the cult of Alran, ascetic philosophy, and their experiences in the God-War. Despite their hard, flinty exteriors, their connection to the practices of the dead god means they're extremely concerned with community—they, along with the Eastern Order, are the most likely to settle down and found conventional covens.

A notable hold-over from the old faith is an emphasis on mystical and transcendent experiences as the ideal way of understanding the divine—and each other. Such experiences, they say, can only occur when several Western witches gather and perform the proper rites and invocations; after all, with Alran split in two, the only way to bring forth their full power is to link themselves together, to **embody** community. It's said that particularly skilled (or particularly *careless*) practitioners can “eliminate the barrier between the selves,” becoming, for all intents and purposes, a single entity until they are untangled.

Community means everything to the Western Order—for better and for worse. No Order takes in more orphans, more runaways from cruel homes and desperate circumstances. And a Gun-Witch of any Order (save the Order of What You Deserve) can count on them to help out in a pinch, no matter how little they have to



gain. But community also means *continuity*; they believe in tradition as a community's lifeblood, and often come off as severe, unfriendly traditionalists ever-ready to lecture other Orders on their wayward ways. They are, in many ways, the fastidious eldest sibling.

Their holy sites are bare places, often intentionally built in the harshest wilderness—trackless deserts, snow-bitten taiga, the loneliest island in an archipelago. Such shrines are testaments to their ascetic lifestyles: anything but the clothes and what you can carry is a dangerous luxury, an illusion that ties you down. To the Western Order witch, the natural world is to be regarded with, at best, suspicion.



## Magic

Much like their culture, Western magic often feels as if it's from another time. They pluck on the strings of collective unconsciousness with sigils in their coats, carrying collective dread behind them. Some of them even develop ancient textile-magics, once held precious by Alran—twisting and manipulating it like water, forcing their holsters to cradle their guns like children.

Others might develop their ability to explore the ruined realms of spirit and the Divine, rendered terrifying and strange by the carnage of the God-War. This is generally not the best idea for one's mental or spiritual health, but there is much knowledge caught in these twisted, strange spaces. As a result, Westerns often bear the best understanding of ancient occult practices—and are often prone to exploring them a bit *too* enthusiastically.

## On the Battlefield

To the Western Order witch, every shot is sacred, but so is every life. Even cruel, selfish, thoughtless people are still *people*, with friends and loved ones; communities are made of innumerable connections, and the gun is the avatar of Disconnection. As a result, Western witches live by the credo that *the*

*best shot is the shot not fired*, preferring intimidation and trickery over shootouts.

That's not to say they **won't** shoot, if pressed. Their movements in battle are deliberate, may even come off as a bit stiff—proper stance and form are a cornerstone of their training—but they know how to draw their weapon and fire it in the blink of an eye. The moment you end up in a duel with a Western Order witch, you've probably already lost.



## Reputation

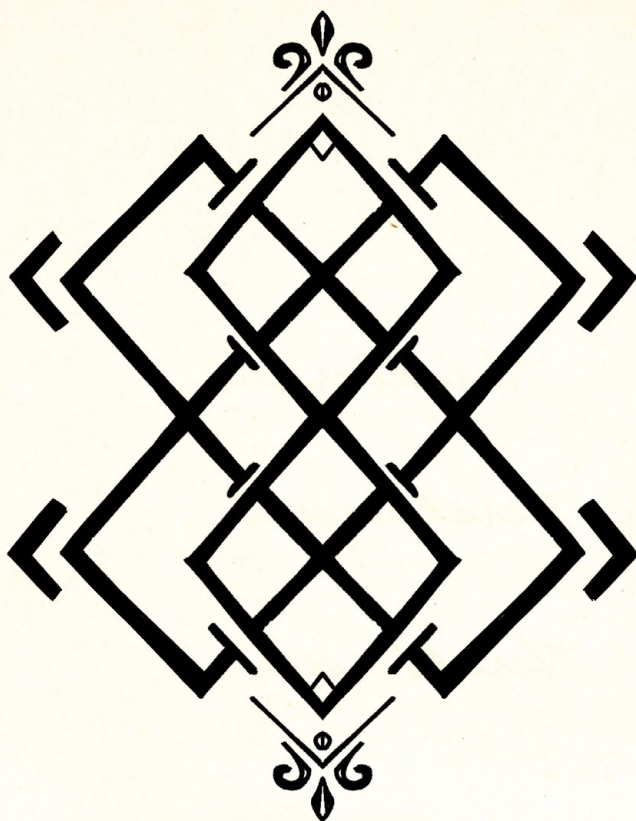
The Western Order was the first, and they will never let you forget it. Seven-Mile witches and Breakers are the most likely to *respect* this, of course; theological disagreements aside, *The Western Order Is The Mother Order*, and their movements wouldn't even *exist* without it. The Eastern Order takes them a good deal less seriously, often ribbing them or striking up arguments for the sake of it, but it rarely goes beyond that—individual covens still come into conflict, sometimes violently, but the out-and-out holy wars of the distant past are done and dusted.

Stitchers, though? Stitch-witches get into *real* arguments with them. The Western emphasis on the spiritual world and intangible community ties runs directly counter to the Order of the Sacred Stitch's focus on the material world and material **conditions**—*what good is it, they might ask, to keep a family together when they don't have enough to eat?* It doesn't help that, every so often, a Western Order witch transcends a bit *too* successfully, leaving their mind open to Something Terrible or even transforming wholly into a Horror... leaving their siblings in faith to pick up the pieces.

Western witches tend to work closely with non-witch communities, for obvious reasons. Often they do so purely to ensure the community stays strong, intervening only to mediate disputes and organize gatherings, but it's difficult to do so for very long without getting tied up in the community themselves. There's a common pattern where a Western coven will settle down in a new area, and the locals will go from being *utterly terrified* of them, to begrudgingly accepting their presence, to treating them like family—which lasts maybe a few weeks before most of the coven heads elsewhere, usually with a few new recruits in tow, leaving nothing behind but memories and photographs.

(Funnily enough, this cycle of integration and breaking away again means that the Western Order is at once the most traditional sect and the one most likely to syncretize with local beliefs and folklore. As time passes, each coven develops its own distinct identity, while its members remain easily recognizable as Western witches.)





## The Eastern Order

*“Lesson one: move, and **keep** moving. You go too slow, get tangled up, obsess over something that doesn’t matter—you’re already as good as dead. You keep moving, and a whole army can’t hit you.”*

5 GRACE · 4 FORCE · 3 FORTUNE · 2 GRIT · 1 TACTICS

**You get:** A Revolver

**Example names:** Lady Shine-Of-A-Thousand-Stars, Ser Now-You-See-Me, Lady Unification-Through-Division, Sir Twenty-Rats-Eat-One-Tiger

No order is more legendary for its grace and elegance than the **Eastern Order**. They believe that Motion is Life, and seek to make each moment, each hammer drop, and each life taken into something like gory, gorgeous artwork. Members can often be recognized by their long, flowing robes or skirts—often decorated with simple but vibrant designs.

## Abilities

All members of the Eastern Order get the following two abilities:

**Snakebite.** You can ricochet and curve your bullets however you like, creating an elaborate, “slithering” trajectory. As a result, you don’t need a clear line of fire to take a shot—as long as you know where you want the bullet to end up, that’s where it’s going.

**Dance of Death.** Whenever you successfully dodge a source of damage, you may immediately fire a retaliatory shot at the aggressor without risk.

Choose two more abilities from the following list:

**Shaping the River.** Once per Job, when you would take damage, you may instead reroute it to another eligible target. (*A bullet might hit the witch that shot it, or someone sneaking up behind you. A sword-strike could sever a pipeline, sending god-blood everywhere.*) This does not trigger the Dance of Death.

**Deathblossom.** *Cost: 1 Powder.* Once per Job, you can spawn a furious storm of lead centered on you. If they don’t have armor, anyone within a few feet must immediately find cover or else be seriously injured by the shrapnel. Those *with* armor will find it rapidly deteriorating.

**Shot Chaser.** *Cost: 1 Powder.* Fire a bullet; the moment before impact, you teleport to it. The bullet itself is then redirected to a target of your choice.

**Notes of the Song.** Roll Fortune to listen to the Song of Steel, and see the violence unfolding over the next few seconds. On success, it all goes exactly the way you saw and you can act with confidence. On failure, there’s an important detail you’re wrong about.

**The Iron Mirage.** Once per Job, you may declare a shot you fired was an illusion—restoring any Powder spent on it but also nullifying whatever damage it would have dealt. This shot is completely believable, even to other Gun-Witches and perceptive Horrors.

**Like the Breeze.** You never set off mechanical or arcane traps. In addition, even when someone gets the drop on you, you’ll react first. (Unless they’re a Western witch.)



## Beliefs and Practices

As the first Gun-Witch sect to split off from the Western Order, the Eastern Order is to a large extent defined by what it *isn't*—the elements that it rejected so long ago. *Community* is considered far less important than *mastery*, with covens frequently breaking apart and merging together, and they were the first to abandon some of the older rites and traditions (be it for matters of practicality, or because “we don’t venerate *Alran*, but their *constituent parts*.”). Heterodoxy and debate are encouraged; a witch who doesn’t have at least one fundamental disagreement with their teachers is generally considered incurious and “stuck in place,” which is just about the worst thing they can be.

Eastern Order mysticism takes a very different form from Western Order mysticism, focusing not on what *connects* people and things but what *separates* them. These traditions center around listening for the Song of Steel, a sort of nothingness and disconnected-ness tied to the flow of battle. Masters of the art can sense shots before they’re fired, shatter blades with their bare hands, and even defy (or at least delay) certain death. The practical nature of the Song is the **point**; mastery of magic and gunplay are more important to the Eastern Order than vague ideas of “higher understanding” or “divine revelation.” After all, if one doesn’t have a firm grasp on their abilities and where they come from, one is not a *Gun-Witch*, but simply a *mage who owns a gun*.



*Constant movement*, both literal and metaphorical, is essential to Eastern witches. While most Gun-Witches travel mainly to find work—opportunities to spread their legend, improve the world, or bring honor to their Order and their weapons—Eastern witches travel for the sake of it, regularly visiting holy sites and re-mapping charted territory in the hopes of achieving a total understanding of Elonanji and the people in it. Their shrines and temples are simple, spare places, often nothing more than a cairn or an undecorated altar in the middle of the wilderness. Better to focus on things they can carry with them; clothing, religious texts, and weaponry produced by the Eastern Order are always marked by intricate patterns and bold, bright colors.



## Magic

Eastern witches practice the greatest variety of magic among all Orders, as suits an order that encourages heterodoxy and debate. All Eastern Witches use the Song of Steel in their work in some form or another. Those who listen enough can even sense it outside of battle, gaining insight into the nature of Disconnection as a force that can allow for bizarre miracles—making two family members unrelated, or separating cause from effect and thereby giving local physics a nosebleed.



Illusion magic is perhaps the second most common—half for decoys, and half for simple vanity—after all, what better way to make your outfit look effortless? Behind that there's an endless panoply, though perhaps the most infamous (besides the Order of What You Deserve) is necromancy—practiced by the Black-Skirts, a nascent off-shoot of the Eastern Order that has a taste for darker fare and frills. They're watched closely by the other Eastern witches, given how the *last* off-shoot went.

## On the Battlefield

The biggest challenge when fighting an Eastern witch is *pinning them down*. Their weaving, erratic paths frustrate any attempt to predict their next move; the only real option is to leave them with nowhere to go, be it through tremendous firepower or by herding them into a corner. At the same time, their own bullets are difficult to track, curving through the air or ricocheting off walls, each path tracing a net that gradually closes in.

Duels *within* the Eastern Order are chaotic and beautiful, practically a dance, as each participant shifts back and forth, sometimes slipping right between the other's shots, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.



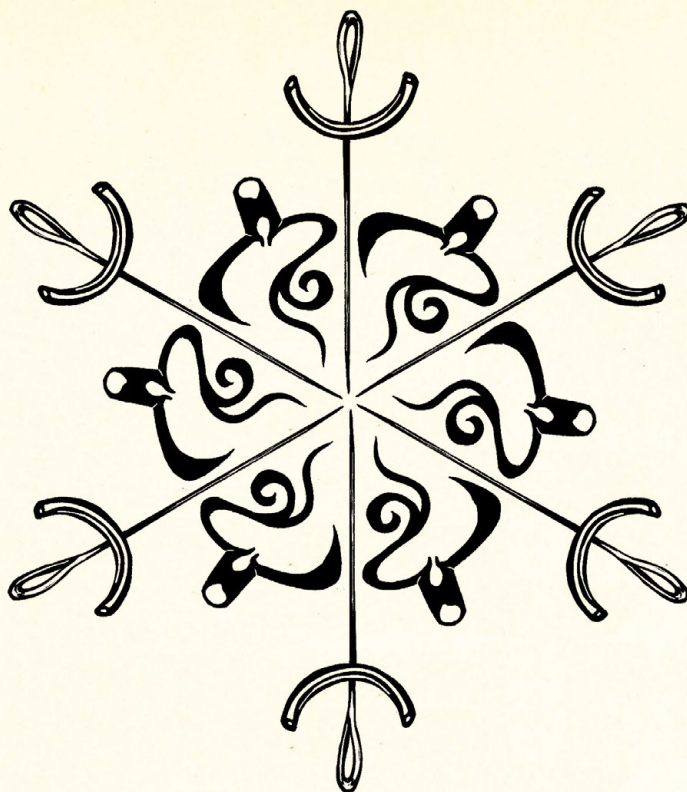
## Reputation

More than any other Order, the Eastern Order hails from the monied upper classes of Elonanji; many of its members are former nobility, or the children of bankers and rail barons. Their relatively self-focused lifestyle, passion for artistry, and aloofness makes it a natural pairing, and gives rise to a self-sustaining cycle: the Eastern Order hobnobs with the upper classes, and their children get stars in their eyes about the nice person in a flowing skirt who can teach them magic. Even the ones who try to leave it all behind still carry the signs of that upbringing.

This does very little to endear them to the common people; what's the difference between a noble and a witch if they're both prim, proper, and a little too caught up in themselves? *Individual* Eastern witches can work to improve their reputation, and a handful are beloved among the people for driving out worse threats—but it's always going to be an uphill battle.

Among other Gun-Witches, the Eastern Order inspires wildly varying opinions. This, in its own way, pleases them greatly. The Western Order has a rocky relationship with them—after all, Eastern philosophy is largely a rejection of Western Order ideals—but they can work with them when the chips are down. Breakers appreciate their panache, their love of art and life, but struggle with their philosophical approach. Sevens? None of them can agree—yes, they're annoying and too flashy, but they're also technically gifted and the second oldest. And Stitchers... Stitchers loathe them. Why?

Because, to them, the Order of What You Deserve is the Eastern Order's **fault**. It began as a splinter coven led by the infamous Lady Silver-Skirt-Golden-Death (who was eventually shot in the head by one of her own "daughters", a fitting end), and was permitted to grow because "every idea deserves a chance." Before anyone realized what had happened, the sect had spiraled out of control, and now the Stitchers hold the Eastern Order personally responsible—and see them all as little tyrants in the making. This also means, more than any order, the Eastern Order *loathes* the Deserving with a burning passion, and will go after them at any possible opportunity.



## The Order of the Sacred Stitch

*"The world is full of bastards and monsters. People who learned to hurt others and decided that was enough. Whose whole life is built around cruelty to the weak, stealing from the poor, killing the unarmed and calling it 'the way things work.' Your job is to **rip them apart**."*



5 FORCE · 4 GRIT · 3 TACTICS · 2 FORTUNE · 1 GRACE



**Choose one:** Shotgun or Rifle

**Example names:** Ser Chain-Blade-Sanctifies-the-Guts-of-the-Damned, Lady More-Barrels-More-Fun, Sir Six-Slugs-At-The-Gates, Lady Blood-Sport-Fun-Sport

The presence of an **Order of the Sacred Stitch** Gun-Witch should reassure the weak and terrify the strong. They strike with overwhelming force and never hesitate to put their lives on the line—but they're also the only Order to master the healing arts, and are quick to recognize when violence is unnecessary or counterproductive.



## Abilities

All members of the Order of the Sacred Stitch get the following two abilities:

**The Night Train.** You can attack in melee without sustaining damage, but doing so leaves you open to counterattack.

**Wrecking Ball.** You can tear down or bust through any barrier—fallen oak trees, piles of rubble, reinforced doors, even solid concrete.

Choose two more abilities from the following list:

**Ursa Minor [Rifle].** *Cost: 1 Powder.* Aim well above the target's head, and invoke Defiance's blessing; stardust, smoke and shrapnel will begin to swirl around them. For the next ten seconds, the target is immune to all harm—neither blade nor bullet nor a Horror's grip will damage them. (They still expend **Powder** when firing their gun or using abilities.)

**Ursa Major [Shotgun].** *Cost: 2 Powder.* Once per Job, you can fire a special shell filled with sanctified needles instead of ordinary shot. They'll suture an NPC's wounds, cleanse them of poison, and drive out any temporary illnesses; fellow PCs are **restored to 6 Powder**, even bringing them back from the brink of death.

**Doorbuster Special.** *Cost: 1 Powder.* Whenever you destroy a barrier, you may spend 1 Powder to turn it into deadly shrapnel that will damage any nearby target(s) with 1 Armor or less.

**Only The Guilty Need Fear.** Your attacks will never injure those you consider innocent. Instead, they will pass through them as if they were air. *(So for example, if someone took a hostage, you could shoot through the hostage to hit that scoundrel in the gut.)*

**They Know Me.** Once per Job, when you enter a new community, you may describe how you've helped them in the past. As a result, they are well disposed towards you and the Gun-Witches you travel with, even your twitchy Seven-Mile friend who won't stop muttering.

**Battle-Armor.** You have 1 Armor; as long as it's intact, you are immune to most magical effects. Once per Job, when you would take **Powder** damage, you can negate it by expending your Armor. You may also expend your Armor to totally annihilate the weapon of an enemy, no matter what that weapon is. You cannot repair your Armor without significant downtime and material resources.

**Make An Example:** The first time you defeat an enemy in melee combat during a Job, you may regain 1 Powder. In addition, when you kill an enemy with overwhelming violence, you may roll Grit. On success, any remaining enemies on the weak or cowardly side will freak out and scatter; on failure, they decide you're the biggest threat and try to take you out as quickly as possible.



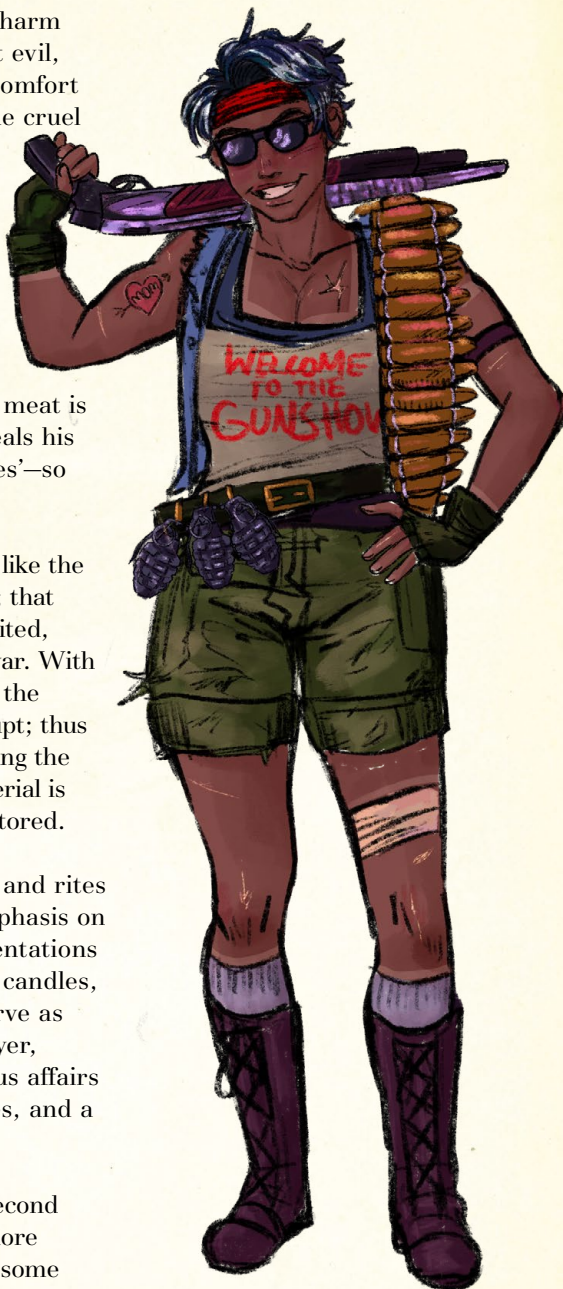
## Beliefs and Practices

The Order of the Sacred Stitch is concerned, first and foremost, with justice and protecting the weak—ideals that are desperately needed in Elonanji. To harm others without cause is the greatest evil, and the **only** evil; to offer aid and comfort to those who need it, and punish the cruel and corrupt, is good. A good deal of stitcher-witch writings revolve around questions such as, “What constitutes justice?” and “What constitutes ‘harm **with** cause?’” These texts emphasize the need for a nuanced and flexible understanding of the world. (“A starving man who steals bread and meat is not the same as a rich man who steals his workers’ wages—yet both are ‘thieves’—so clearly ‘*theft*’ is not the evil act.”)

Stitcher-witches hold that the world, like the Father-Mother, has been torn in two; that the Material and the Divine, once united, were separated in the chaos of god-war. With few gods left to maintain it, they say, the Divine has become broken and corrupt; thus they focus on venerating and improving the Material, for it is only when the Material is perfected that the Divine may be restored.

Order of the Sacred Stitch temples and rites draw heavily from this, with an emphasis on physical manifestations and representations of Flame, Steel, and Ash: braziers, candles, incense, jewelry, idols and icons serve as centerpieces of meditation and prayer, while feasts and festivals are raucous affairs centered around live music, bonfires, and a great deal of consecrated ale.

These rites, however, always come second to the Order of the Sacred Stitch’s more concrete actions—to the point where some covens will only hold services immediately before or after a task that requires everyone





to pitch in. Even for the chapters that do meet regularly, temples are clinics, community kitchens, or firing ranges first, and religious sites second; anything less would suggest a worrying fixation on the Divine over the wellbeing of those around them.

The Order of the Sacred Stitch maintains close relations with the Cult of Defiance, with most stitch-witches worshipping Defiance alongside Father Steel and Mother Cordite. She is seen as both a disciple of the Father-Mother (when they were whole) and a teacher of the half-gods in turn, a source of life and courage, and an ever-present reminder that one should never give in, no matter how bad things seem.



## Magic

The Stitchers are masters of healing magic, everyone knows that. It's a miracle unto itself in this broken world. But few understand *how* they rebuilt it. It is, in fact, a blend of several arts the Stitchers love. The first is fire magic, practiced exclusively by Gun-Witches and perfected by generations of stitch-sages. It is the art of destructive transformation—which is quite useful when it comes to infections and dirt in a wound. Of course, they can also use this for more classical applications of fire magic, such as lighting various flammable things or terrifying their enemies.

They combine that with the ash-magics of the Seers of Defiance, the art of smudging information into more pleasing shapes. (Especially when you just burned up all that spare material in the name of healing someone.) It can render the whole world more malleable by degrees, making the details slip between people's fingers... or you can just shove hot ash down someone's throat and let their facts reorganize them into a corpse.

## On the Battlefield

The Order of the Sacred Stitch is one of only two Gun-Witch sects that trains in hand-to-hand combat as well as gunplay. Typically, this takes the form of a school of kickboxing that focuses on powerful, decisive strikes, but it's not unheard of for a Stitcher coven to bring maces, knives, and even power tools into battle.

Those who have never seen a stitcher-witch in battle often speak of them as berserkers, surrendering themselves to bloodlust in battle, channeling an uncontrolled and inhuman force to tear apart their opponents. But this isn't quite right.

Members of the Order of the Sacred Stitch are ferocious and at times reckless, to be sure, but they know *exactly what they're doing at all times*. Every shotgun blast, snapped tendon, broken bone is another member in a jazz ensemble of violence—improvised, yes, but kept in rhythm and on-key, deployed *just so* to maximize the injury and terror they inflict. (*But never tip into sadism*, the elders and scholars of the Order insist. *Be efficient, be fearsome, but never cruel for cruelty's sake.*)

(As with any such advice, not everyone will listen.)

## Reputation

Common folk speak of the Order of the Sacred Stitch in hushed but reverent tones. More than any other Order, they're seen as a fundamentally positive presence in Elonanji; even in the smallest villages, you can always find someone who's gone to them for a hot meal, a warm bed, or medical attention when they've needed it most.

Wealthier folks, however, tend to view them with suspicion and fear. You can *hire* a stitcher-witch, donate to them, lend them manpower, whatever you want—but you can't buy their loyalty, and they have a tendency to snoop around if they suspect something shady is going on (which it usually is). The most powerful industrialists and rail barons make sure that their security personnel are always prepared for the Order of the Sacred Stitch to start trouble, just in case—though you can never *really* be prepared for Gun-Witches, in the end.

Among other Gun-Witches, the Order of the Sacred Stitch is generally well-liked. Even the Seven-Mile Order has a grudging respect for their willingness to put everything on the line for their ideals—though that's offset by the kickboxing and worship of Defiance, which they generally view as heretical. The Order of the Broken Boundary—who also train in hand-to-hand combat, and commonly worship Defiance's wife, Hope—maintain **especially** close relations with the Order of the Sacred Stitch, with ideological and theological cross-pollination being quite common as a result.





## The Seven-Mile Order

*"You're here because you have a score to settle. That's why you didn't go to a battle ballerina or a firecracker. Maybe it's a person, maybe it's a place, maybe it's the whole damn world. Doesn't matter. We're all going to die, and we're going to take as many of those fuckers with us as we can."*

5 TACTICS · 4 FORTUNE · 3 GRIT · 2 GRACE · 1 FORCE

**You get:** A Rifle

**Example Names:** Lady Crow-Flies-At-Midnight, Sir Long-Distance-Transmission, Ser Silence-Broken-For-But-A-Second, Lady Nicotine-Stains-Are-All-That-Remains

Masters of stealth, strategy, and long-range combat—as well as staunch traditionalists, paranoid zealots, and strange hermits—the **Seven-Mile Order** carries a storied reputation despite its young age.

## Abilities

All members of the Seven-Mile Order get the following two abilities:

**Seams In The Shell.** When firing on an Armored target, you treat its Armor as though it were 1 point lower. (*For example, a 2-Armor enemy is vulnerable to any attack you make, not just sustained fire or heavy impacts.*)

**Ghost in the Mist.** Your intensive training in stealth and infiltration means you simply do not roll to sneak against most targets. When you must roll to sneak (perhaps against another Gun-Witch, or a particularly perceptive Horror), you *always* roll Tactics. In addition, whenever you have at least half a minute to yourself, you can render yourself effectively invisible—even to Supernatural targets—as long as you don't move.

Choose two more abilities from the following list:

**Smoke and Shrapnel.** *Cost: 1*

**Powder.** Whisper a quick prayer into a bullet and throw it as hard as you can. When it lands, it will explode into a cloud of smoke and shrapnel, obscuring anything farther away than your own hands and strongly encouraging others to get out of it.

**Hornet Waits Patiently.** Any shot you fire can be commanded to wait, as if held in stasis. (This includes the sound of the gunshot.) Once you let it go, it will complete its trajectory. You can only keep one bullet “waiting” at a time.

**Silence of the Grave.** *Cost: 1 Powder.*

You take a regular shot, but it makes no noise and leaves no trace—even the bullet itself becomes ashes in the wind when its job is done. To anyone who witnesses the shot, even most Gun-Witches, it simply looks like the target dropped dead on the spot or their armor shattered spontaneously.

**Hook, Line, and Sinker.** Roll

Fortune to declare you set a trap the enemy is about to fall into, and explain, in a flashback, when and how you did so. On a success, it goes off according to plan. On failure, there's a snag; the trap fails or backfires unless you spend 1 Powder to keep things on track.

**Comprehensive Notes.** When you enter a location for the first time, you may roll Tactics to consult your journal, cross-referencing the current situation with your previous travels, the stories you've been told by other witches, and the feeling in the base of your spine when you hold your scope just so. On a success, you reveal a fact or feature that's **helpful for the party** (e.g. “*these rocks provide natural cover*,” “*the sound of machinery will drown out our gunfire*,” “*that type of fuel is highly flammable*”). On a failure, you reveal a **threat or potential complication** (“*there's no way to approach without them seeing us*,” “*they've set up traps and I couldn't find them all*,” “*they've got witches on their side too*”), but at least you're aware of it.

**Prepared for Anything.** No matter the conditions, be it a biting blizzard, a god's-blood hurricane, or a pack of flesh-wolves fanning out across the countryside, you can keep your party fed and find a place for them to rest in peace. In addition, once per Job, you can describe how you turn these extreme conditions against your enemies.



## Beliefs & Practices

The world is fucked. Elonanji is a lost cause. These years since the God-War are nothing more and nothing less than the moment after the lead locomotive has derailed, just before it inspires the rest of the train to jump the tracks and turn the passengers into paste. At least, according to the theology of the Seven-Mile Order.

So, why do anything at all? Why give a shit?

### Spite.

Spite is everything to the Seven-Mile Order. It is as much a force as Steel and Cordite, to the point it's not uncommon for Seven-Mile witches to refer to Father Steel as Father Spite. (After all, did he not stare his own death down, and spit in its eyes?) Nothing is as important as what your last moments say about you. For the Seven-Mile Order this manifests as a settling of cosmological accounts—ending grudges, righting slights against yourself, and living in accordance with Father Spite and Mother Cordite's ideals.

That last bit often ends up meaning that, along with the Western Order, Seven-Mile witches are particularly concerned with the behavior of other witches. Heterodoxy is *at best* heavily frowned upon, and more than one Gun-Witch has been felled by a Seven-Mile's rifle for "heresies against shot and shell" such as safeties (beyond a drop safety), fully automatic fire, or unusual or experimental actions.

As for their own practice, they put a great emphasis on documenting their experiences—photographs, journals, vinyl recordings—all to remember *what is*. (Even after the End, some hope.) When it comes to personal effects, at most, they will have jewelry (non-reflective and properly secured, so as not to make noise, of course) dedicated to Father and Mother, as they feel you should carry nothing but what you need. They rarely, if ever, have dedicated temples—their covens usually meet in abandoned buildings and empty caves—which suits them fine. Sevens are infamous loners, and a PC is already breaking the mold by willingly teaming up with other witches.

In addition, the Seven-Mile Order views the process of hunting—picking a target, sneaking into your perch, taking aim and then life—as a sacred ritual to honor Father and Mother. (Especially if you have a score to settle with your quarry.) Some take the process to its logical extreme, becoming hunters of esoteric experiences: they might seek to climb every mountain in a region, or read as many rare books as possible and subsume their knowledge, putting it into a new medium and burying it somewhere it might survive the End... or at least be a testament to how fucking stubborn they were.

## Magic

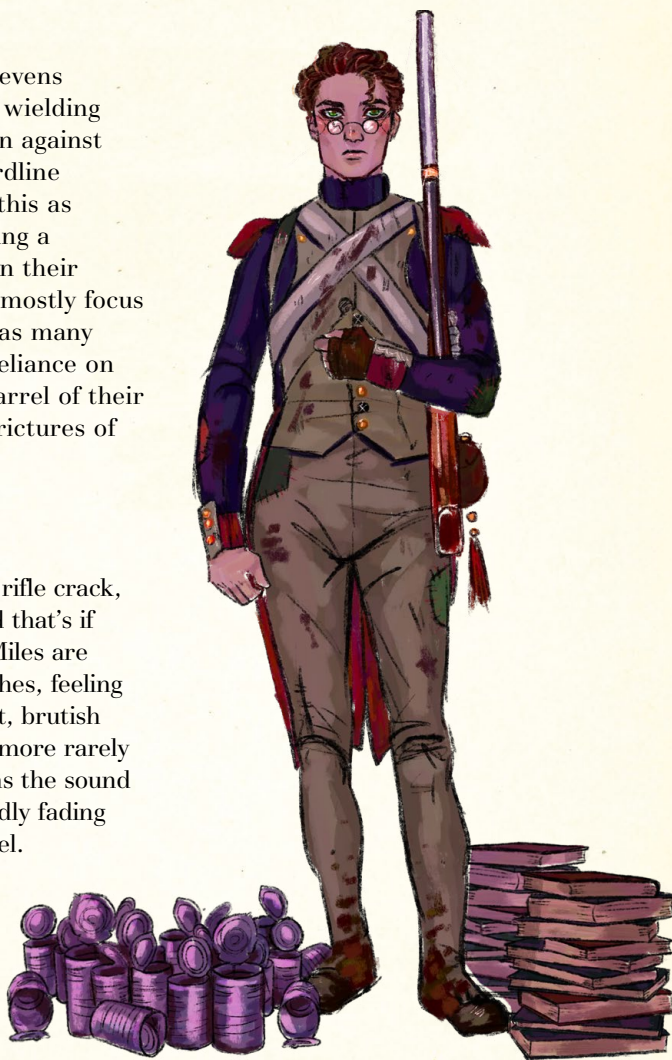
Other Orders have flashy magic, loud magic. You're lucky (for a certain definition of "lucky") if you ever notice Seven magic. They love sound control, which allows them to muffle their footsteps, cover up gun-fire, and sow chaos among their enemies. (Contradictory orders give you vital seconds for that headshot.) For the same reason, they love refractory magics, bending light to see across the horizon and hide themselves and others.

Some more pragmatic Sevens also practice geomancy, wielding weather and local terrain against their enemies. More hardline Sevens are likely to see this as heterodoxy, as it is putting a weapon beside the gun in their minds. Otherwise, they mostly focus on their sharpshooting, as many might consider an overreliance on *any* magic outside the barrel of their rifle to be against the strictures of their Order.

## On the Battlefield

By the time you hear the rifle crack, it's probably too late—and that's if you hear it at all. Seven-Miles are infamous for their ambushes, feeling that the best fight is short, brutish and unfair. They're even more rarely *seen*—merely registered as the sound of a gunshot and the rapidly fading rustle of bushes and gravel.

If you're unfortunate enough to be trapped in an actual *battle* with one, then every shadow can hold the glint of a rifle—especially when they start getting clever. Sevens **love** traps: pit traps, bomb traps, rock traps, rope traps, spring-and-clamp traps. And if you somehow *do* manage to get close enough to strike, you'll probably get a faceful of smoke and shrapnel before they disappear again.





## Reputation

Their focus on spite, settling scores, and an apocalyptic vision of life means that, more than any other Order, the Seven-Mile consists of the psychological walking wounded. Many are traumatized, but as with any Order there are outliers—and plenty of people simply take their philosophy as an excuse to be an asshole. None of this does their reputation any favors whatsoever.

More than any Order (besides the Order of What You Deserve), the Seven-Mile Order is mistrusted by the common folk, and often rightly. There are many stories of a Seven-Mile executing “personal enemies” with little to no warning. This pushes the already insular order further into the shadows and solidifies their reputation as dangerous loners.

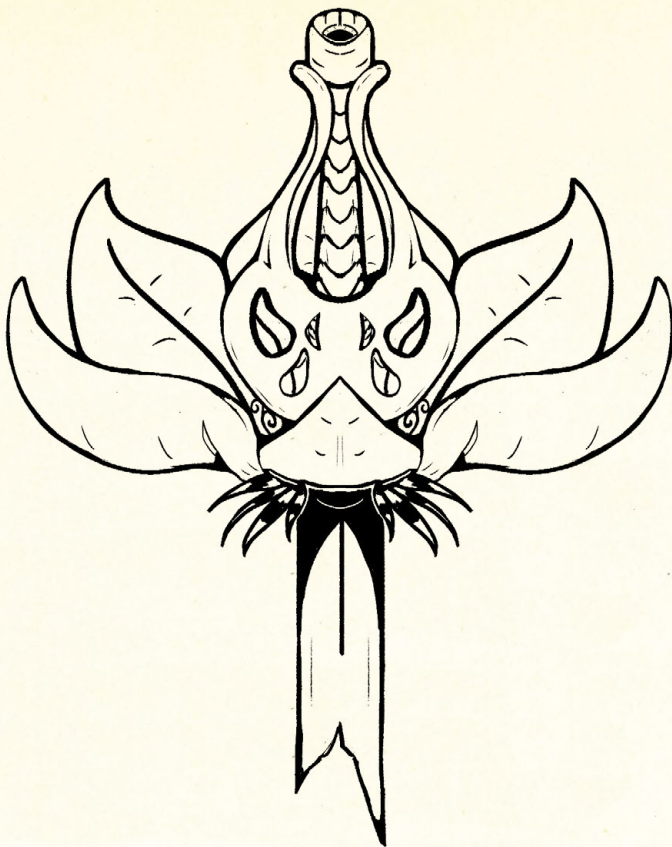
The rich and powerful view the Seven-Mile Order as a dangerous, but useful tool. You can point them at a target, pay them promptly and in full (do *not* bilk a Seven-Mile), and wait for the gore-splatter. But there’s always the risk that *you’re* their next target, for some secret grudge, or because someone else paid them *more*. As a result, they’re kept at arm’s length whenever possible—hired through middle-men and paid through dead-drops. That suits them just fine.

They’re little better regarded by most other Gun-Witches. The Stitches find them pitiable—so close to understanding and then they lose it all in childish anger, often lashing out at the world for the sake of their own wounds. The Eastern Order thinks them boorish—there’s no pageantry,

no fun, no **zest** in shooting someone in the head from several miles away. The Broken Boundary sees them as too inflexible—favoring adherence to dogma over a positive relationship with the gods and the world around them—and besides, what’s the point of life if you spend it miserable and isolated, waiting for everything to collapse around you? Alone among the respected Gun-Witches, the Western Order views them fondly—their ascetic values and traditionalist world-view sync up quite nicely with the Western Order’s own ideas, and more than one Western coven has a little hideyhole they’ve “forgotten about” where a Seven-Mile lives.

It’s not unheard of for Seven-Mile witches to work with other Orders in spite of all this. However, as mentioned above, it’s always *noteworthy*—suggesting that the witch in question is either abnormally flexible or **extremely** desperate.





## The Order of the Broken Boundary

*"It's all **art**, remember? And art only really matters if people see it and it gets lodged in their eyes and ears, seared into their souls. You got a week to put together a fireworks display that makes the sunset look like gutter-sludge.*

*And I know you can do it, too."*



5 FORTUNE · 4 GRACE · 3 FORCE · 2 TACTICS · 1 GRIT



**Choose one:** Shotgun or Revolver

**Example names:** Sir Tulip-Petals-Catch-Fire, Lady Chandelier-Collapse-Ruins-The-Banquet, Ser Stab-Em-With-A-Smile, Sir Dominoes-Marching-Towards-Annihilation

The youngest of the noteworthy Gun-Witch sects, the **Order of the Broken Boundary** values three things above all else: joy, art, and **very big explosions**. Breakers' bold, play-it-by-ear attitude often gets them and their allies into trouble, but their unpredictable, flowing fighting style and aptitude for improvisation is usually enough to get them right back out of it.



## Abilities

All members of the Order of the Broken Boundary get the following two abilities:

**Sacred Sidearm.** You can attack in melee without sustaining damage, but doing so leaves you open to counterattack.

**All Eyes On Me.** When you draw a weapon, you can force everyone who can see or hear you to pay attention to you to the exclusion of other things. In addition, when you defeat an especially powerful enemy in front of a crowd, gain +1 Morale.

Choose two more abilities from the following list:

**Life From Lead.** *Cost: 1 Powder.*

Hold a bullet close to your heart, and will it to bring life instead of death. The next shot you fire will be a seed; it won't do any damage, but it will sprout into thick but pliable vines on impact. You can exert control over the vines (e.g. *"tangle around that person's leg," "toss us the keys to the cell," "don't get too close to that open flame"*) as long as you can see them.

**Cue The Fireworks!** Roll Fortune to set off impromptu explosions by detonating the fireworks you already had on hand. (You're a Breaker, you've got fireworks.) On success, they do whatever you need them to do without a hitch. (*Distract the guards long enough for you to escape. Light the drapes on fire. Impress a handsome woman.*) On failure, you are rudely reminded that fireworks are still **explosives**, and things go very wrong.

**Bunnyhopping.** **[Shotgun]** When you fire your shotgun, you can roll Force to massively increase the force of the shot—sending either yourself, any target smaller than a bear, or both *flying*. On a success, everything lands exactly where you want it; on a failure, you end up in a dangerous position, the target ends up in a *comfortable* position, or you cause unintended collateral damage.

**Laughter Is The Best Weapon.** When you make someone laugh, you may launch an attack before they recover without fear of reprisal from them. In addition, once per Job, you may ask the GM what someone finds funny.

**Oil Slick.** **[Revolver]** *Cost: 1 Powder.*

Mutter a prayer to Hope herself, and where your next shot flies, slippery, viscous, and incredibly flammable oil will fall. You (or your friends) can ignite it with a single spark, or simply use it to trip up your enemies.

**Just To Take The Edge Off.** You always carry enough of your favorite luxury to share a little. (*Good food, drugs or alcohol, tawdry romance novels, etc.*) Once per Job, when you do so with a fellow witch, you both gain +1 Morale.

**Schlock Shock.** Once per Job, when you fail a roll, you may declare you actually succeeded, but you pay for it with a dramatic twist befitting the pulpiest of novels. (*If you need to leap across two buildings, then you complete the jump, but something identifying falls out of your pockets and it can be used to track you. If you need to charm the Baronet, then he falls under your sway, but you discover that he's already in the pocket of the Deserving witch you've been hunting.*)



## Beliefs and Practices

The youngest of the major sects, the Order of the Broken Boundary was founded by Lady Shells-Fall-Like-Snow, who studied under the other four Orders but felt that all of their worldviews were incomplete. She sought to synthesize their teachings with her own philosophy and history as a duelist, to find the common thread between Community, Art, Justice and Spite.

To Lady Shells, and to all Broken Boundary witches (also called “Breakers”), everything is a question of *Joy*: how to find it, how to create it, how to hold it close to your heart.

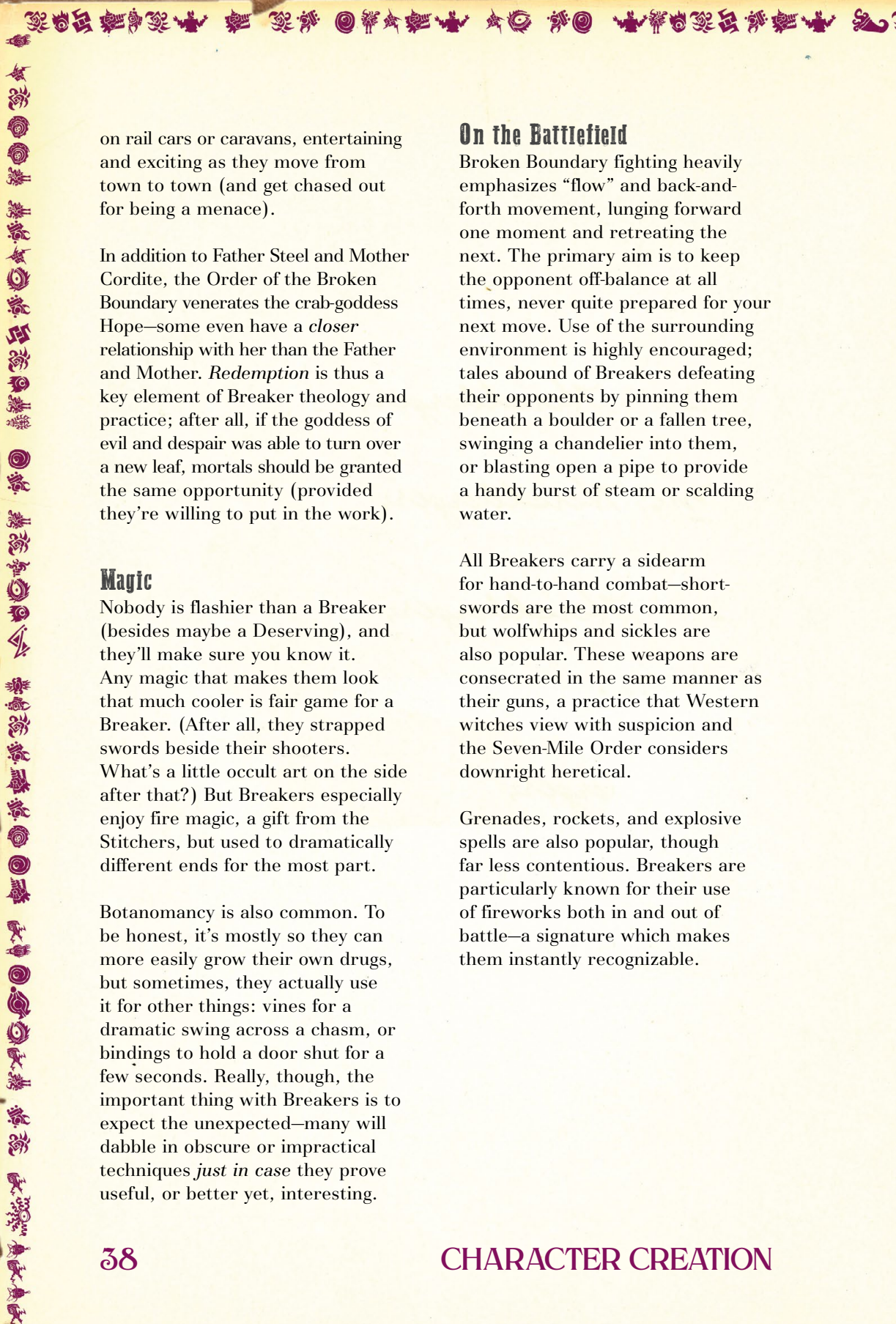


This can lead to some odd priorities—people often say that a Breaker would seek out caviar and absinthe to feed a starving man, and they’re barely exaggerating. Their attitude towards firing their guns is also shaped by this. The act carries weight, but it should be a source of pleasure all the same; the feeling of recoil, the smell of smoke, the ringing in your ears are blessings, beautiful reminders of what it means to live and to die.

In a more general sense, both creation and destruction are treated as powerful, spiritual acts. Breakers are heavily encouraged to dabble in the arts, particularly ones that are inherently temporary, ephemeral—musical performances, sand-sculpture, comedy, cooking. The crown jewel, and the centerpiece of most Broken Boundary holidays, is the fireworks display. Pioneered by the Order’s earliest members, it is seen as the perfect marriage of art and explosive, shining brilliantly for a brief moment but leaving no trace beyond the scent of blackpowder on the wind.

Services tend to be loosely-structured, with everyone present—be they members of the Order, prospective converts, or just curious visitors—heavily encouraged to share their thoughts on scripture and other topics of the day. Many Broken Boundary shrines are built with movable roofs and large gardens, or even given completely open-air designs that harmonize with their surroundings, the better to encourage a sense of connection and oneness with the natural world. Others are essentially traveling shows, carried





on rail cars or caravans, entertaining and exciting as they move from town to town (and get chased out for being a menace).

In addition to Father Steel and Mother Cordite, the Order of the Broken Boundary venerates the crab-goddess Hope—some even have a *closer* relationship with her than the Father and Mother. *Redemption* is thus a key element of Breaker theology and practice; after all, if the goddess of evil and despair was able to turn over a new leaf, mortals should be granted the same opportunity (provided they're willing to put in the work).

### Magic

Nobody is flashier than a Breaker (besides maybe a Deserving), and they'll make sure you know it. Any magic that makes them look that much cooler is fair game for a Breaker. (After all, they strapped swords beside their shooters. What's a little occult art on the side after that?) But Breakers especially enjoy fire magic, a gift from the Stitchers, but used to dramatically different ends for the most part.

Botanomancy is also common. To be honest, it's mostly so they can more easily grow their own drugs, but sometimes, they actually use it for other things: vines for a dramatic swing across a chasm, or bindings to hold a door shut for a few seconds. Really, though, the important thing with Breakers is to expect the unexpected—many will dabble in obscure or impractical techniques *just in case* they prove useful, or better yet, interesting.

### On the Battlefield

Broken Boundary fighting heavily emphasizes “flow” and back-and-forth movement, lunging forward one moment and retreating the next. The primary aim is to keep the opponent off-balance at all times, never quite prepared for your next move. Use of the surrounding environment is highly encouraged; tales abound of Breakers defeating their opponents by pinning them beneath a boulder or a fallen tree, swinging a chandelier into them, or blasting open a pipe to provide a handy burst of steam or scalding water.

All Breakers carry a sidearm for hand-to-hand combat—short-swords are the most common, but wolfwhips and sickles are also popular. These weapons are consecrated in the same manner as their guns, a practice that Western witches view with suspicion and the Seven-Mile Order considers downright heretical.

Grenades, rockets, and explosive spells are also popular, though far less contentious. Breakers are particularly known for their use of fireworks both in and out of battle—a signature which makes them instantly recognizable.

## Reputation

Many who join the Order of the Broken Boundary do so in the hope of escaping dull or miserable lives. Others are exiles or criminals trying to forge a better future for themselves. They are known as adventurers and revelers, and are generally very community-minded; to some, especially the newer recruits, the actual religion is secondary to the sense of belonging.

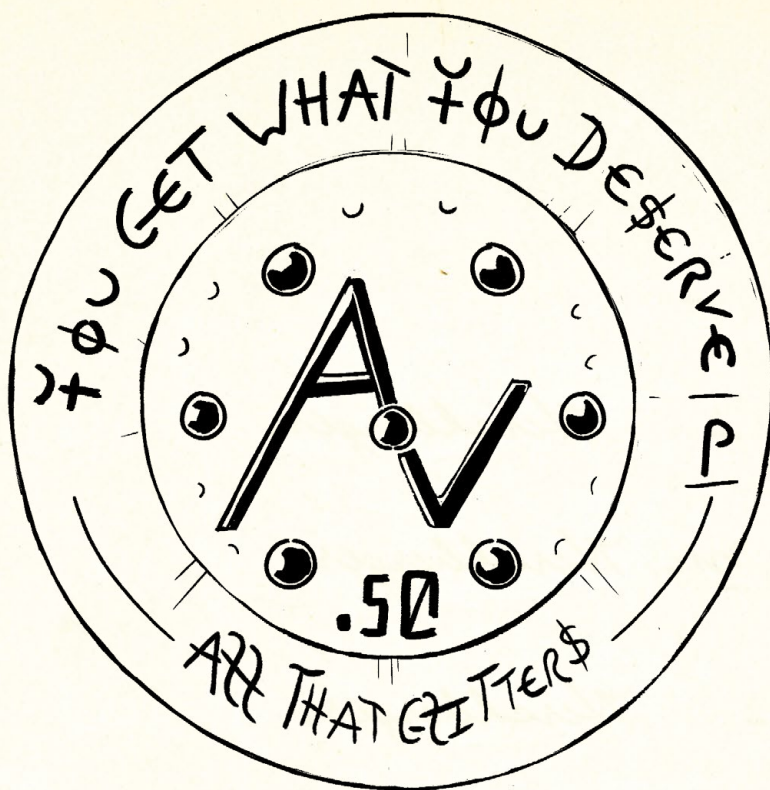
Rich and poor alike tend to think of Breakers as great guests and terrible neighbors. They're reliable helpers and an excellent source of levity... provided they don't burn anything down. As a result, Broken Boundary covens tend to establish themselves exclusively around open-minded and well-fireproofed communities.

As the youngest major sect, the Order of the Broken Boundary sometimes struggles to earn respect from the Western and Eastern Orders. Stitch-witches, however, *love* them, and the two groups regularly work together, feast together, and engage in friendly theological debates.

Breakers have an *especially* contentious relationship with the Seven-Mile Order. As the second-youngest sect, they frequently feel the need to put the "newcomers" in their place, and they are *extremely* suspicious of the Breakers' fondness for blades and heavy explosives. When the two orders come into contact, skirmishes and duels are near-inevitable, and often lay the groundwork for lifelong rivalries. (But that need not always be the case; it's said the Order's founder, Lady Shells-Fall-Like-Snow, was herself wed to a Seven-Mile witch.)







## The Order Of What You Deserve

*"There's no such thing as fate, y'know. No such thing as 'unfairness' or 'injustice.' The righteous prosper, and the weak end up looking down the barrel of a gun.*

*Time to say your prayers, kid. Last chance you'll get."*

**Example names:** Sir Leave-Them-Bleeding-In-The-Gutter-Like-The-Trash-They-Are, Lady Mouth-Lacking-Obol, Brother Coin-Lands-Thrice-On-Its-Edge, Ser Drown-In-Molten-Gold, Sister All-That-Glitters-Can-Be-Sold

The **Order of What You Deserve** bills itself as the "Sixth Sect"—the metaphorical final rotation of the Chamber, the one that renders all other Orders and their ideals obsolete. Only two things really matter—**wealth and power**—and they are inevitably granted to the faithful, who live their lives and shape the world according to the will of the Father and Mother. (How convenient for the Deserving that "the will of the Gods" mostly seems to include con artistry, self-aggrandizement, and murdering anyone capable of critical thought.)

## Beliefs and Practices

Not too long ago, there was a girl from a new money family—the kind that flaunts their newfound status like a beast-pelt. (When they had nothing to do with the gory business itself, of course.) Her parents groomed the girl to take over the family business. She decided she preferred the weight of a revolver in her hand.

And so she became an Eastern Gun-Witch, for a little while. She took the name Silver-Skirt-Golden-Death—inspired by a spell she wove herself—turning the victims of her lead to gold. But she always butted heads with her fellows. Sure they enjoyed all the finery of life, but Silver-Skirt always took it further. Always took more. Her sibs in the Order regarded her as little better than a gaudy bandit. She didn't mind.

Maybe she would have stayed that way, a nuisance at parties and a topic of gossip, if she hadn't met *him*. His name was Sir Blood-is-but-Rust, and he was an agitator among Seven-Miles, preaching the hypocrisy of their lifestyle—to glut themselves with experiences and

remain poor? To wallow in the mud and suffer? How is that *new*? Life's a zero-sum game anyway, take your fill and have some fun experiences before the End shanks us all.

They gave each other terrible ideas, and soon enough, con-artists and suckers (which often have a great deal of overlap) lined up to hear their terrible, self-serving ideology. The means and the excuse to kill everyone who annoy you—and you get to make money off their corpses? **Great!**

The whole thing ended with a bullet in Silver-Skirt's head (supposedly fired by one of her "apprentices"), and the disappearance of Sir Blood. Speculation runs rampant on his fate: maybe he killed her himself, maybe he walked away out of shame, the maybes pile up around him like bullet casings. It is impossible to say what isn't and what Isn't anymore—the ash-clouds of history whip around him strangely.

And that is where the Order of What You Deserve began.

You can't play Deserving in this game. It's for the best. Everybody worth a damn hates their guts, and they'll stab each other in the back over a dime scrounged out of a gutter—not exactly conducive to group play. They have shorter, emptier, lonelier lives than just about anyone else on Elonanji, and they only have themselves to blame.

Maybe they really do get what they deserve, in the end.





Above all else, the Order of What You Deserve holds that *faith grants fortune, and fortune denotes faith*. In their worldview, the world is **by definition** fair; if you suffer, you're simply too weak or don't think about things correctly, and if you die, well, you had it coming. (Whether they apply this logic **consistently** is another matter. Some of them will make exceptions when *they* or the ones *close* to them suffer—after all, *they deserved better*; not like all the heretics and parasites in the world. Others, though, are unsettlingly comfortable with loss and failure, and will watch themselves bleed out with a serene expression on their face, knowing that it was Their Fault—for not training harder, not fighting harder, not *believing* harder.)

The natural next step is the assumption that *those with the most power are by definition correct* on matters of belief and religious law. Deserving covens are almost always dominated by one or two particularly powerful figures; failure to fall into lockstep with their decrees will result in censure at best, and expulsion from the coven and a contract on one's head at the worst. Inevitably, the powerful twist the community and its doctrines even *further* so that they may more easily *retain* power, a process that only ends when another member pulls off a coup or the coven is destroyed entirely.



Some Deserving covens flaunt the prohibition against individual adoption. Though they are still bound by the Father and Mother's declaration, and thus unable to have children of their own, these witches will often seek to form large families, even *dynasties*, outright kidnapping and forcibly converting strangers if need be—the better to create a strong power base. A few such covens even reach the point where *all* members are considered to be the children of the leaders.

This is an unsustainable process, of course. Even if the family is able to withstand attacks by rival businessmen and other Orders, it will inevitably tear itself apart when the parents die, with every remaining member too obsessed with their own wealth and glory to realize how much they're weakening the coven as a whole.

## Magic

The most surprising thing about Deserving magic is what they *don't* practice: hypnosis or any form of charismatic. They consider it beneath them—after all, why swindle people if you're going to take all the fun and challenge out of it? Take some pride in your work!

They've got plenty of other ways to do you dirty, though. Their obsession with riches and wealth has motivated many of the more scholarly Deserving to become experts on chemistry and alchemy, all so they can make themselves ever-more wealthy. More hot-blooded Deserving prefer luck magic; imagine having a fifth ace without holding one at all. That's the kind of power they have. Angry victims even give them an excuse to show off their power. What's not to like?

## In Battle

Deserving witches aim first for lethality, and second for *cruelty*. They shape their spells and techniques to end every fight quickly but **painfully**—turning every victim into a demonstration of What They'll Do If You Fuck With Them. Any other concerns—elegance, simplicity, efficiency—are beneath them, the domain of lesser, *weaker* witches.

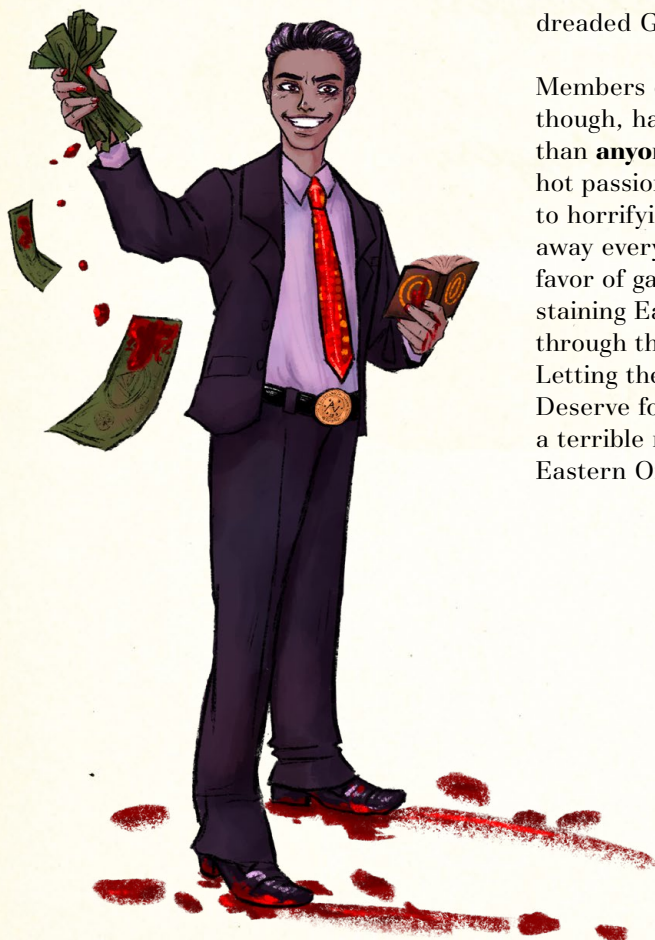
Their signature technique—and by far the most fearsome that they use—is the *Golden Gun*, which turns the flesh of their victims into precious metal, their blood into a stream of rubies and cinnabar. These days, all Gun-Witches are trained in counterspells that prevent the gilt from spreading, but the older generations still tell horror stories of promising young practitioners being killed with a single glancing shot.

## Reputation

The lower classes, by and large, despise the Deserving with an unmatched passion. While they break their backs on dirt farms and in manufactories and freight depots, the Deserving run about flashing their cash, murdering anyone who gets on their nerves, and lecturing anyone who'll listen. You'll still get the occasional starry-eyed kid who decides to join up, but the "entry fee" is *exorbitant*—so if you're poor, you're only getting in by screwing over your family and neighbors as much as you possibly can, making them even *more* unpopular.



The rich are a good deal more sympathetic—*usually*. The idea that wealth and power goes to only the righteous is a comfort to those who already cling to it; it tells them they're above introspection, above morality. But those tycoons that believe themselves to be (relatively) ethical are turned off by the sheer audacity of Deserving ideology, while the more pragmatic ones might see their rapidly growing stockpiles of wealth as a threat to be dealt with at once.



As for their fellow Gun-Witches? Every other Order hates them and brands them heretics, without exception. The Western Order and the Seven-Mile Order look down on their obsession with luxury and hoarding material things; it tears them away from meaningful spirituality. The Stitchers and Breakers are appalled by the way they ruin lives and despoil the environment without a second thought, and many of them suspect that Deserving rituals actively feed off of Hope—perhaps even threaten to awaken her former self, the dreaded Goddess of Despair.

Members of the Eastern Order, though, hate the Deserving more than **anyone**. Hate them with an ice-hot passion for twisting their spells to horrifying ends, for throwing away everything that is Artful in favor of gaudy glitz, for permanently staining Eastern witches' reputation through their cruelty and greed. Letting the Order of What You Deserve form in the first place was a terrible mistake, and one that the Eastern Order will happily rectify.

# SPARK

Training and order are only half of a Gun-Witch, the steel. The force that gives them the strength to study the art of Disconnection for years, sear contract-brands into their shoulder, give up their ability to have children, and replace it with the knowledge they're likely to die in a ditch, comes from the fire that dwells inside everyone—their **Spark**. Spark is the other half of a Gun-Witch, the central reason why they're out here in the thick of it.

Whenever you satisfy your Spark, you regain Powder and possibly Morale; the bigger the experience, the more your soul is refreshed. Your Spark also grants you some abilities outside of combat, shaping the way you relate to the world and the people that live there.

## For Revenge

Some people, it's like ice. The stuff god-blood curdles under in the far north. For some it's like fire, the flash of a gun held forever in the heart. Whatever it is, it's in your chest, forcing you forward because you don't have a choice, or maybe because you don't want one. Anger's a lodestar like few others in this broken world.

**You can smell pain just as clear as gunpowder**, follow the scent, and see where it leads. In addition, **you always know how to really end a dispute**—properly, no bullshit.

## When you...

**MAKE THEM PAY FOR IT** (*break a Deserving witch's trigger finger, leave a lasting scar, empty out a thief's vault*), restore 1 Powder.

**PREVENT THEM FROM DOING IT AGAIN** (*shoot down a corrupt official, seal a Horror deep beneath the soil, leave a robber baron destitute*), restore 2 Powder and gain 1 Morale.

**END AN UNDERLYING ISSUE** (*make peace between feuding families, dispel a curse that afflicts the land, annihilate a corrupt organization*), restore ALL Powder and gain 2 Morale.



## For Love

Not everything's about power, not everything's about pain. Not everything's about making a name for yourself. You focus too much on that kind of thing, you can lose sight of what really matters.

Life's too short and the world's too big for anyone to experience all of it. But being a witch means freedom, first and foremost—no ties to the land or any government, nobody who can put themselves above you. And that means you can get closer than just about anyone else.

**You always know how to make the best of a bad situation.** (*Yeah, you might be starving and cold out here, but you can follow the stars back to somewhere better—and hell, they're pretty to boot.*) And better yet, **you know how to pick up anyone's spirits.** (*This sucks, but when we get back you'll see your girl's smile again, won'tcha?*)

### When you experience something...

**STIMULATING** (*a meal at the best restaurant in Hexarail, the first kick of a brand-new gun, sunrise over the southwestern sea*), restore 1 Powder.

**INCREDIBLE** (*whiskey aged for a hundred years, an aging Breaker's last fireworks display, a meteor shower that lights up the whole sky*), restore 2 Powder and gain 1 Morale.

**ONE-OF-A-KIND** (*tea made from the bark of an extinct tree, a duel to the death with a legendary witch, the first recorded god-birth since the war*), restore ALL Powder and gain 2 Morale.

## For Strength

A gun is, first and foremost, a weapon. If you fire it at another living creature, you're either prepared to kill them, or you're a fucking liar. And even if you keep your soul *intact* afterwards, the act alters you forever.

But as weighty as it is, wielding the gun is worth it if it means you can help people. **Really** help people, not just serve as a jackbooted enforcer for the local tycoons and tyrants, crushing anyone who kicks up a fuss or looks at you funny. Sometimes, if you want to keep the people fed, the rivers clean, and the power-hungry bastards of the world *afraid*, you need to be ready to fight for it, and fight hard.

**You always know what people need**, and whether they have enough of it to get by. And if you don't have it on hand, **you always know where to find it.**

### When you prevail over...

**EVERYDAY SUFFERING** (*buy a meal for a beggar, expose a con artist's lies, reunite some star-crossed lovers*), restore 1 Powder.

**WIDESPREAD MISERY** (*bring a shipment of food to a starving town, rout a band of strikebreakers, save the local orphanage*), restore 2 Powder and gain 1 Morale.

**A CATAclysm IN THE MAKING** (*end the worst drought Ripsilk River's seen in years, prevent the resurrection of the Goddess of Despair, dismantle one of the gods' most terrible weapons*), restore ALL Powder and gain 2 Morale.

## For Money

You're not one of THOSE witches, to be clear—the kind that think money and morals are the same exact thing, that if you're not lining your pockets you're wasting your time. Of course material possessions aren't the ONLY thing that matters.

...But it sure is *nice* to have them, isn't it? And as dangerous as it is, being a witch, there's a lot to gain from it, too. High risk, high reward, like any decent gamble.

**You can always tell at a glance how valuable something is**, both in objective terms (*that brooch is pyrite and glass, barely worth anything; this farm has the most fertile soil for miles around*) and subjective or relative ones (*this stuffed animal is the boy's favorite; apples go for more than peaches, this time of year*). **You also have an excellent sense of how far people will go to get what they want**—how much work they'll put in, how much money they'll pay, what depths they'll sink to.

**When you find, earn, or take something...**

**VALUABLE** (*a wad of cash, a small but lovely pearl, an especially nice bandolier*), restore 1 Powder.

**EXTRAVAGANT** (*a briefcase full of gold, a handful of emeralds, a rare theological treatise*), restore 2 Powder and gain 1 Morale.

**PRICELESS** (*the deed to a sprawling estate, the world's largest diamond, Alran's Own Matchlock*), restore ALL Powder and gain 2 Morale.

## For Glory

You were bored. There were firearms, some talk about community. (Drinking buddies, they meant.) Some shit happened—shit *tends* to happen around you. It's not your fault, not really. It's a condition. See, you got the medical paperwork right here...

This is about the time you clock them and run. Mostly because it's funnier if they chase you before you shoot'em.

**You can always tell how to make a splash, or how to make a whole room put its eyes on you.** (*That's an awful big vat of molten cheese. If you knocked it over, your pursuers would certainly find it grating.*) And those messes you make? They're other people's problems—mostly, anyway. **Only the absolute most catastrophic ones can affect you.**

**When you do something...**

**NOTEWORTHY** (*win a bar fight with your eyes closed, outwit a famous card shark, make an incredibly painful pun about a Deserving witch's fashion sense*), restore 1 Powder.

**STRIKING** (*make a really cool fireball—I mean just the fucking coolest; woo a princess—yes, those still exist; kick a sucker off the side of a tall building*), restore 2 Powder and gain 1 Morale.

**UNFORGETTABLE** (*fight a gaggle of Deserving witches and win, unravel a Horror that's terrorized thousands, rob the biggest casino on Elonanji*), restore ALL Powder and gain 2 Morale.





# GUN

## CUSTOMIZATION

A witch's gun is more than just a weapon or a focus for spellcasting. Per the Sixth Chamber, your weapons are an extension of your inner being; crafted by your own hands, sanctified by the rituals of your Order and coven, each shot powered by a shard of your very soul. As a result, almost all Gun-Witch firearms are named, and their owners treat them with the same reverence as lovers and old friends.

Every character selects one customization option from the following list, representing a unique aspect of their weapon—and perhaps, by extension, an aspect of their soul. **Elemental Alignment** can be applied to any firearm; others are restricted by the wielder's Coven or by the type of weapon being used.

## Elemental Alignment

This firearm has been consecrated and aligned with one of the surviving elemental forces of Elonanji: *Cordite*, *Steel*, *Spite*, *Ash*, or *Blood*. As a result, it is more harmful to targets inimical to that elemental force: Treat **Armored** targets as if their Armor were **1 point lower**, and deal **2 Powder damage** to targets with **Powder**. (If your target is inanimate, a Horror, or otherwise lacking in both Armor and Powder, the GM decides how things play out.) Once per Job, you may also declare that an unexpected target is weak to the element of your firearm, as long as you can explain how.

### Examples:

- ✧ **Cordite.** The more flammable something is, the more vulnerable it is to Cordite. Shots from this gun bloom outward into copper filament and incense-sticks.
- ✧ **Steel.** Fluid things, without form and shape, are typically most vulnerable to Steel, which is defined by its unyielding and concrete nature. Monsters and phantoms often fall under this umbrella.
- ✧ **Spite.** The more hated something or someone is, the more vulnerable it is to Spite. There are stories of bankers, landlords, and Deserving witches bursting like pimples under its influence.
- ✧ **Ash.** Ash strikes most viciously at new things, fresh things, young things. It's distilled entropy, forcing apart all that which hasn't yet bound itself together tightly enough.
- ✧ **Blood.** The passionless suffer greatly from Blood, and unliving Horrors find it equally baleful. When life and joy are drained from something, re-introducing them will always cause distress.

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## Order Limited

### THE SPACE BETWEEN.

*Order of the Sacred Stitch* only.  
Once per Job, you may sacrifice 1 Morale (down to a minimum of -2) to fire a round that will puncture reality—causing a massive decompression event in the nearby area hazardous to everyone. (You should probably run after you do this.)

### GLITTER-SHOT.

*Order of the Broken Boundary* only.  
Once per Job, you may sacrifice 1 Morale (down to a minimum of -2) to fire a round that will cause any sapient being it strikes to erupt in glitter-flames of oil, glass, and tinfoil. If they die of it, they die **explosively**. If they survive the shot, the wound will instead burst into flame. The flames hunger to spread themselves to other sapient beings, and will do everything in their power to do so.



## Shotguns

### SLUG ROUNDS

You carry heavy slugs that can pierce armor and push with serious force. Once per Job, you may load this slug. It will reduce any target's Armor to 0—no roll necessary, no questions asked. Any maneuver relying on knockback force will be more powerful as well.

### DOUBLE-BARRELED

You may fire two shots in a single instant to damage a truly absurd number of targets, or to deal twice the Powder damage to Supernatural targets. (In either case, pay **2 Powder** if attacking directly.)

### BOLO ROUNDS

A less-lethal alternative ammo. You may use this once per Job. When fired at someone, it will unleash heavy ropes to attempt to constrain them.

### ANCHORED

This shotgun is bonded to you in a very literal sense—tethered to your person by a magical steel chain produced through Western magics. This weapon can never be taken from you without your permission. In addition, once per Job, the chains can absorb a blow for you, leaving you unharmed.

## Rifles

### ZIPLINE ROUNDS

Once per Job, you may fire a round that will create a metal wire that can carry an adult human down its length. You have a proper device for riding it as well.

### SEEKING SCOPE

Your scope can sight more ephemeral things than bodies. Once per Job, draw a bead and think about what you're seeking—maybe a person, maybe a place, maybe water in the desert. Your scope will point you in the right direction and give you a rough idea how far it is.

### FUZZY-ACTION

In an ambush situation, you may fire three times in quick succession; if attacking targets directly, you only pay **1 Powder** for all three shots. Once the ambush passes, the gun functions normally.

### WATCHFUL EYE

Your firearm is bonded to a spirit, who treats it as a home; it diligently watches your back, and can always tell if someone is sneaking up on you or if you're walking into an ambush. In addition, once per Job, it can nullify a hostile magical effect.

## Revolvers

### SPARK CYLINDER

Sustained gunfire heats the barrel and fills every shot with extra energy. Every round you fire in a row, your shots become progressively more powerful—they can tear through tougher Armor (2 *on the second round*, 3 *on any after that*), and deal +1 Powder damage to Supernatural enemies per round. If you stop firing for any reason, this bonus resets. This bonus only applies to consecutive shots against sapient beings.

### TO THE MOST DESERVING

Your gun has been enchanted with reverse-engineered Deserving magic. If a round fired by this weapon strikes a coin in motion, it becomes a bullet, spiritually—it will gain the velocity of the round, and immediately aim itself at a target the Gun-Witch is focusing on, doing the same damage any other bullet might. If the coin-bullet is used to hit a sapient target, it will cost Powder as usual.

### LIGHT OF THE LANTERN

Your gun has been sanctified with the blood of a deep sea creature that glows to attract prey. Once per Job, when you twirl this weapon in front of a person, they will enter a trance-like state where their awareness is impaired for several minutes. They can be told what happens during this time and will believe this implicitly. Once the effect ends, they will snap back to their consciousness without any memory of what's happened for the past several minutes.

### DAZZLE ROUNDS

Once per Job, you may fire this non-lethal round. Anything or anyone you “shoot” with it becomes its best self for the next few hours. Yes, you can shoot yourself with this.





# The Fregata Archipelago

The S





The Damage

PURGATORY

LAST STOP

Quicksilver Queen

ARAIL

Bluestone Sentinel

Bluestone River

The Trough

Bluestone Valley

RAM'S BAY

Sea of Glass



# ELONANJI

## GRAVEYARD OF A THOUSAND GODS

Pevath Far, god of rain and floods, stalks through a dark and dismal swamp. He clutches his arm close to his side, hoping to stem the flow of blood and saltwater. The wound is deep, but not **so** deep that it is hopeless. At least, that's what he tells himself—even the gods fear death, wish to believe it will never come for them.

*His pursuers gave up long ago, though he does not know it. "Let him die in a ditch," they said—they had a Sun-Lord to bury, after all. (Burnt to ash by his own flames. His hatred of his brother was too much for either party to endure.)*

*Pevath wades deeper and deeper into the swamp, all the same. Searching for a way to survive, telling himself there might yet be **something**. He ignores the ichor pooling atop the water, black and glistening. (Shifting of its own accord. Forcing itself to flow back towards him. Dragging the Sun-Lord's sword along with it, shine barely visible through the murk and sludge.) He ignores the aching in his bones.*

*He wonders—if he should find the goddess of fortune, could she nurse him back to life? It would require a great deal of luck, but that sort of thing is her purview, isn't it? (She was, of course, the first to die. Quickly and painlessly, unlike the rest. What more could she have asked for?)*

*Hours pass, then days. Pevath Far grows more and more exhausted. He finds a large, smooth stone, half-submerged in the waters of the swamp, and sits. Just for a moment. To rest, to catch his breath, to listen for the prayers of his followers.*

*He closes his eyes. The last mistake he will ever make.*

It's said that many, many years ago, **Elonanji** was prosperous, lush, peaceful. A land free of want, free of cruelty. This is, of course, an exaggeration. People have always suffered, always struggled.

But all the same—it was not what it is *today*, with its grasslands overtaken by desert and its drylands washed away by terrible storms, its cliffs and forests littered with bones and axe-blades large enough to crush an elephant. *That* is the result of the God-War, when the deities of the world tore each other apart in a fruitless bid for power, for glory, for vengeance.

It lasted for hundreds of years, bodies and discarded weapons slamming into a guilty world like meteors. By the end, there was only a long silence. Four deities yet remained: **Defiance, Hope, Father Steel** and **Mother Cordite**. But that is the ending—go back, back to the beginning—beginning. When there were still beautiful banners, when anyone at all thought of war with an air of romance.

The Fatemaker, Master and Mistress of all Clouds, saw what was coming and decided the wisest course of action—the absolute best thing for everyone—was to see the storm of blood and carnage burn fast and hot. (Without scorching *them*, of course. They were Vital, as the ones who make these plans always are.) A winnowing of the annoying deities that so mucked in their plans, rudely demanded their secrets, and presumed themselves equal to the Lord-Lady of Fates.

They only managed to render themselves the last to die, at the raging claws of their ex-wife Defiance when they thought the Fatemaker had slain A     I's (the Goddess Who Would Be Hope, dare not speak her cursed name, dare not invoke that horror upon yourself), whom Defiance had come to love. Their death would seal this terrible, festering chapter in Elonanji's history.

Now Elonanji is a graveyard, a tombstone in the shape of a continent with savannah apes that scurry across it. There is something that hangs in the air, the smell of god-blood and bone compacting under the soil, fermenting into strange new forms. It leaves its trace upon the people, their psyches, their culture, in the way such trauma always does. They are suspicious of authority that is more than local, always and ever—royalty is now a great religious ceremony, princesses and kings presiding over “the spiritual health of the realm” and leaving day-to-day matters to anyone else at all. It is a world bereft of nations. (Pox that they are. After all, who raised the banners that began the God-War? When the gods said *march*, who made certain that the people complied?)

The world begins to move on, not sure of anything anymore. They teach themselves to use the blood of the gods to power great new machines, automatic looms that shear off children's arms, and trains that carry more than goods. (Railroad companies are the closest thing to a central authority in most places. Some of them even issue currency; none of them are pleased with the situation.)



# THE LAY OF THE LAND

## Hexarail

At the center of the world, give or take a mile, there is a railway hub. Six-spoked, like an enormous iron asterisk carved into the wind-worn cobblestones. Around the hub, as one might expect, is a city—the biggest one on Elonanji, in fact—but the city and the station have been together so long that, like an old married couple, you can barely tell them apart anymore. Most people call the whole thing **Hexarail**, though “The Hex,” “Central,” and “Mainstay” are popular names as well.

It's the biggest city left in the whole world, each neighborhood a bustling universe unto itself—run by a local commune, a cabal of landlords, occultic sortition, or even stranger means. Its streets are criss-crossed by canals and bridges, trolleys and gondolas. Food carts drawn by lazy bears serve piping hot thistle-rolls to workers on morning break.

It's a city forever in anarchy, barely corralled by its well-meaning but largely powerless mayor, Adelaide “Pinecone” Pinelli. She does her best to control the endless conflict between the three factions most prominent in the city: the journalists, the old-mage coalition, and the railroad barons. All of them

dance between the background radiation of worker's communes and neighborhood associations that make up the fabric of Hexarail—powerful if united, but deeply disorganized and fractious as they compete over resources like trolley lines, new plumbing, apartments, parks, and such like. Fierce bid wars like these characterize life in Hexarail.

Journalists represent a wide spectrum, producing everything from the most high-minded of investigations and exposés, to gossip-rags stuffed with blurry photos and half-truths, to rancid yellow journalism stoking up fear and hatred for profit. Together they represent the most radical of the political factions, their printing houses cauldrons where new political philosophies are born and die within days.

One prominent journalist is Janet Three-Aces, who specializes in the seedier side of the city's entertainment districts. Right now she's working on what she calls “her biggest case yet”—vaguely gesturing to the involvement of everyone from the Ten-Star Line, several casinos, to obscure cults to dead gods that gather in the ruined quarters of the

city, to a number of lizard-stick carts that might be engaged in price fixing. Another is Boris O'Reilly, who works the canal districts and religious in-fighting. He's mired in a scandal involving his membership in a radical cult to the River, stoking up old hatreds through religious rhetoric.

But the king of Hexarail's journalists, the one every kid with a pen and a dream looks up to, is Sir Trash-Fire-Burns-Like-Dawn, a Breaker Gun-Witch enmeshed in the highest and lowest society. His rambling, fevered diatribes, travelogues, and articles leave everyone wondering where the truth ends and the tall tales begin. He'd say it's all real, especially the lies. He loudly claims he's tracking a Deserving cult in the heart of Hexarail's upper classes... while snorting drugs off his girlfriend at another high society event. No one is quite sure if he's serious.

And who do the journalists rally against, for better and for worse? (Albeit mostly for the better.)

The Old-Mages, a coalition representing an assortment of small businesses, bootstrappers, careerists, cowards, and even a few well-meaning schmucks the others keep around for PR and punching bags. Their political power is concentrated in the old-mage guilds, representing wizarding and witchery from the days before the death of the gods. They're enmeshed in ritual and reassembling codified systems of magic, which often gives them the whiff of useless antiquity, or gets them a reputation for being too in

love with the corpses of the past—like Empire and Imperialism.

They largely stand for more of the same, and work to prevent change—boots staying on necks, stomachs still empty, and their pockets fat. They just wrap it in higher-minded rhetoric about compromise and 'working within the confines of reality' (as if the God-War did not shatter it like a cheap tea pot). And this is why they disdain the religions of Hope, Defiance, but most of all, Mother and Father.

The animosity with Gun-Witches runs deep, entirely for petty reasons. No matter the Order, they're always blowing through, mucking up their posh little schemes and riling people up. But what's worse, what makes many of them shake with fury—

*Only Gun-Witches can still practice fire magic.* Fire belongs to Mother Cordite, and she guards it with jealousy. More than one old-mage researcher looking into the topic has died of a mysterious gunshot in a locked room, or simply burnt away in an instant like flash paper.

Among Hexarail's most prominent Old-Mages is Eloise Crockenhauer, leader of the Hydromancer's Guild, and the largest association of small businesses in the city. She's exactly the kind of woman you'd expect for the role: humorless, sour, and obsessed with living modestly on her hoard of wealth (which is to say, she won't even share it in the most self-serving way possible). Then there's Magoria Tsumagi, an



inventor obsessed with rebuilding electricity, with few cares about where their funding comes from. Rumor has it they're near a breakthrough, and many whisper about how the Old-Mages can't be trusted with that kind of power (in any sense of the word).

And then there's the worst of the bunch. Annelise Slancht, a charming young alchemist with a laugh like windchimes and a smile like a zipper. She casts herself in the role of a young, idealistic reformer who the more senior mages can use—but there's many a whisper about her basement, about why her eyes glisten like oil-slicks, and her collection of religious texts venerating one **di K l**, the goddess of Despair before she became Hope.

The slow, insidious greed of smallholders and old-mages pales to the greed of the railroad barons, though. The rails mean **everything** in Elonanji, carrying gods' blood, food, and people across the beleaguered continent. It brings them much political and monetary power: where the railroads go, the *world* goes. They can build towns out of nothing but a depot in the desert—or erase them with the stroke of a pen, leaving them to slow annihilation because somebody decided to move the train station a few miles down the way.

That isn't to say they *always* mean ill. Some even work to improve the standard of living on Elonanji (as long as they still profit, mind)—but when things go wrong with them,

they go wrong **fast**. A railroad built over a Horror's den despite the objections of a lead engineer, improperly stored god-blood at refueling silos seeping into the soil and driving the whole world around them septic, or simply breaking their workers for a few coins more. This doesn't even get into the Deserving Gun-Witches that haunt their ranks, especially Taiga Sky.

The biggest single check on the barons is, paradoxically, their greatest strength: their centralized power. On Elonanji the concepts of central authority and monopoly on violence are seen as dangerously out-moded, regressive, and destructive. This means they are always viewed with, at best, suspicion—at worst they'll have a team of Stitchers knocking down their doors and stringing up their bodies outside their manors as an object lesson to the rest. There's more than one coven of Stitchers that makes a life of “dealing with” railroad barons, putting shotguns under their chin to remind them that killing a man with iron is a lot faster than doing it with ink.

Some of the best known railroad barons include the ancient Lady Estavelle, the head of Taiga Sky—ruthless, cold, and greedy with wrinkles like a rail-map. But at the same time, she possesses a deep, *deep* loathing of the Deserving, who committed some crime against her when she was young. She often hires Gun-Witches to go chasing after the Deserving that skulk through her company.

There's the reclusive "Lord" Ormand Deluzia, Head of Personnel for the Ten-Star Line, with a voice like warm coffee on a cold night, and a beard bushy enough to be a bird's nest—who is actually dead, and being reanimated with elaborate necromancy so the labor union can push their agenda through him. Who knows how long the charade can last?

But the strangest of the bunch is by far Alexian Lamia. Ze inherited ownership of the Bluestone Sentinel in the most classic fashion of all: ze was the only surviving member of the senior management. A brutal purge by a crew of Stitchers, Breakers, and journalists after an is Ka as cult was discovered in its upper echelons left zem the only untouched member. Since ze took the reins, the Bluestone's focus on innovation has only intensified—a former engineer and inventor, ze's more interested in tinkering and building a better train than hiring strikebreakers and eating steak. As a result, the Bluestone is enjoying something of a golden age.

## The Routes

The lifeblood of Hexarail is—as one might expect—the rails that run through it. Five major ones, each of which branches off into a thousand little side routes to service the scattered communities of Elonanji; one that is barely serviced, barely *acknowledged*, used only by the extremely desperate or pathologically curious. Each major railway serves a particular role, and each one is largely controlled by a single company, siloed off from the others' operations... in large part because any attempt at a merger will likely get your door kicked down by a furious coalition of witches, rival barons, and day-laborers terrified of getting screwed over harder than usual.

To the northwest runs **Taiga Sky Industrial Logistics**, often called Tai or Sky for short. Their rail runs away from all decent and good things, towards the Shatterjaw mountains and the howling taiga where dead gods were piled like spent soldiers. They compacted, crushed under briny snow and screaming wind, becoming the richest source of god's-blood in the world.

And for this, they are rich, the richest of all the rail companies—carrying those insane and desperate enough to mine god's-blood (never enough) and bringing back their bounty, along with letters for their bereaved families (always too much). This much money attracts insanity. (Money is nothing more than distilled madness, some say.) The Deserving swarm throughout Taiga Sky; some even whisper there is a



whole coven hiding in their upper echelons, eagerly feasting on the corpse of the world and conspiring to bring back the Unnamable.

To the west is the **Ripsilk River Special**, which services some of the most lush and vibrant land in Elonanji, the floodplains and forests that escaped the worst of the war. The train leaves the Hex laden with tourists, their heads filled with thoughts of fresh fruit and vast starry skies, of ruins that were never plundered for scrap and stone and swords, never torn apart by the death throes of some magnificent dragon or another.

It comes back with half as many passengers—some of them grumbling about the end of the trip, the rest just looking forward to the familiar streets and bedsheets that await them—and makes up the difference in meat, grain, and citrus, kept perfectly preserved by the efforts of old-mages in specialized freight cars. (Especially savvy farmers and cooperatives have figured out the synergy here, and charge out-of-towners for the privilege of picking fruit and reaping rice and barley.)

In the southwest, rusty and beaten-up carriages clatter along the **Ten-Star Line**. It was the first railroad ever built, back when kings and empresses still held sway, before decent steel or the god's-blood engine became widespread. Its dented brass tracks zig-zag from ancient capital to abandoned temple to enormous monument; its passengers are typically historians, grave-robbers, or people looking to build a new life where nobody will ever find them. In spite of its disrepair, the Ten-Star maintains a prestigious and luxurious reputation, carried mostly on stories of the past... and a surprisingly good meal service for the price.

Most of southeastern Elonanji is taken up by Bluestone Valley, a patchwork of flood-plains, canyons, and badlands shaped by the fiercest battles of the God-War. It's a dangerous place, which is why the local line, the **Bluestone Sentinel**, has reinforced but flexible tracks (in case of quakes), armored cars (in case of banditry or rampaging Horrors), tinted windows and ice-cooled interiors (to ward off the merciless sunlight in a land where clouds never seem to form).

Treasure hunters comb the old battlefields for long-forgotten artifacts, while the local mining trusts break down building-sized spears and abandoned fortresses for the metal they're made of. On top of all the usual dangers of hard labor in harsh conditions, reality itself is thin in the Valley, and it only gets thinner the higher you go. Still, if you're willing to put your life on the line, you can make a good amount of money—*especially* if you're the type who carries a gun and doesn't balk at climbing to the top of those sun-bleached cliffs.

That leaves the **Quicksilver Queen**, which *technically* runs to the east. The second oldest line still running, it was founded by old-mages who cut a deal with the God of the Shores and Seas. Xe's long dead now, but the bargain still holds—which is why the Queen has the *sole privilege* and *inescapable duty* of running along the sea-side, linking fishing villages and the occasional coastal city to the rest of Elonanji.

In addition to trading in seafood, sea-salt, ink, and ambergris, the Quicksilver Queen serves a crucial role as the “transfer line” between the other major railways, moving shipments and passengers from one line to the other (especially on the continent's periphery). The company also serves a *diplomatic* role between various companies, smoothing over disputes and carrying messages too secure to send via pipeline. Some even say that Quicksilver is the closest thing Elonanji has to a central government—which its executives are always quick to deny, with varying amounts of disgust, confusion, and anxious terror in their voices.

As for the *northeastern* railway—the one without a name, because they never finished laying the tracks, never got to the point where they needed to paint something on the side of the engine or print it at the top of the unsold and unsellable tickets? Everyone seems to agree that there's only two things you can find out in that direction: Wealth beyond your wildest dreams, or certain death.

And the fact of the matter is, if you're desperate enough to take that gamble, you've probably already lost.



## The River

*The God-War, with all its terrible infernos and floods of ichor, brought havoc and misery to all of Elonanji. The lakes and rivers were boiled away, the soil was rendered barren and toxic; so rich and poor alike had nothing to subsist on but thistle and grass, boiled seawater, and whatever fish had not fled the coastal waters.*

*So it remained for decades, until the rain began.*

*Though all clouds had disappeared with the Fatemaker's death, they now began to form again, all converging on a mountain at the center of the world. And in their shadow, a serpent was born: a mile tall and five miles long, as blue as the sky itself, with scales as hard as steel.*

*They say that serpent made its way towards a town at the bottom of the mountain, and began to slither around it, serving as an impenetrable, ever-shifting wall. For three long years, the locals were driven into even deeper misery—still starving, still thirsty, and now unable to even venture forth from their homes.*

*Eventually, it was decided that Something Must Be Done. The town's farmers and miners carved a tunnel underneath the serpent, and back up on the other side of it; then they dug a long, deep, winding trench, perfect to house*

*the beast. The town's weavers scraped together all the fabric they could find, and with it, they made ropes as sturdy as oak and as slender as grass; and a dozen aging cowherds and sailors—their skills rusty, but still remembered—bound the serpent here and there, and drove it forth. And finally, when they had it where they wanted it, every member of the town came forward, armed with hefty hammers and silver spikes, each with a wish engraved upon it—and they staked the ropes to the ground, binding the serpent there.*

*Even so, the serpent continued to slither, continued to writhe. And year after year, the serpent (and the trench) grew longer and deeper and wider... and year after year, the clouds got thicker... and year after year, as the soil became wet and dark and all the ichor was washed away, the town grew larger and larger, fat and happy on the fruit that once again grew there.*

*Thus, the River; Thus, Hexarail. Old grandparents and feisty children like to tell tall tales about the serpent eventually freeing itself, slithering off to the sea, and leaving Elonanji dry again... but nobody really believes that'll happen.*

*Because—at least as long as it gets attention and the occasional offering—the River likes things as they are.*

**The River** does not have a name—it doesn't need one yet, it's still quite young for that. Besides, it's not like there's any *other* rivers to confuse it with (save for its own branches).

It's the lifeblood of Elonanji, spiraling out of Hexarail, wandering this way and that before eventually heading to the west. There, it winds beneath the Ripsilk line, one side to the other and back again, reeds and fruit and flowers bursting into bloom at every corner. There's lots of shallow canals out that way, clusters of parallel lines dug into the soil gently, *respectfully*. It's only fair. Take too much of the water, you might hurt someone further downstream—or worse, you might hurt The River itself.

*Bad Things* happen to people who hurt The River. Bullets without a sound and without a *source*, shopkeepers oh-so-suddenly running out of stock, sprained wrists and broken ankles. Best to avoid that sort of thing—and, for good measure, best to get everyone in town together in the autumn, dump in a barrel of fresh cider and burn a couple loaves of dark rye bread. Keeps the river moving smoothly, people say. Keeps it happy. Keeps it *growing*.

And nobody can complain too much about that.



# LIFE

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## SUCH AS IT IS

Half the town gathers for this, every Feyday at 5 PM, in their rickety community center with the only working color TV. The latecomers will have to jockey for position in the cramped room, settle for standing (the couches and chairs are reserved for the disabled, and first-come-first-serve otherwise). Everything creaks, just a little, as the TV flickers to life—pipes inside filling with god-blood to power it. The voice actors have finished their warmups as the title card comes on—"In the Shadow of the Crown"—The television itself is colorful, but silent. (There are things that escape through the speakers; no one is insane enough to let them out.) As the local actors begin to read their lines...

A share-cropper sits down at a table more rickety than ze. It's their lunch break, ten scant minutes that mean the world to someone doing back breaking labor all day, against the cloudless sky. (Ze's far south enough that clouds are entirely dead.) It's a meal of nopales, dried and reconstituted, so tasteless and rough. Ze at least has salt to pour on it. An onion they dug up that only has a few too many fingers, best to not ask questions about that. The south is a strange land, the wide canyons and blades jutting from the

ground. Ze is silent, mostly, too busy eating every calorie, trying to stuff in all the stale beer ze can, so the sun does not roast zem. And that is how lunch passes in the span of ten minutes, and then it is back into the cactus fields.

She's a railroad worker on the Ripsilk line, and it's a beautiful day. There's a faint breeze in the groove where her train has come to a stop. (They patrol for bad track, and replace as need be) And she has her company provided lunch pail, it's better food than a lot of people get because of the verdant valleys they work—a yummy bean-paste sandwich, with small bits of chicken. She shakes her instant soda to mix it—gets the bubbles in and the warm out, and then opens it. The taste of fresh coffee, wonderful. It washes down the sandwich, and she takes a minute to enjoy the view. Her work was hard, but the Union strike just earned her shorter hours with no pay cut, and a longer lunch to boot. Even if the higher-ups are already looking to undermine the deal, she can enjoy this moment, and chew on a fresh strawberry before she goes to annoy her ex-enbyfriend who works in the back.

**T**hey're ready to order, at this high class restaurant in Hexarail. Not too far away, the trains sing to each other with steel songs. (But not the Song of Steel, neither of these two could imagine it.) They make no attempt to drown out the sound here, for it is the sound of money and success. Railroads keep the world running, and that means they can charge what they like. An appetizer of breaded and fried thistle, the woman orders. Something to be shared with her lunch companion, a rival railroad company's accountant. She has questions, too many; she pays well for the answers. The lunch is part of this ritual—it makes him feel Important. He, of course, orders a bear steak. Men, she thinks to herself. Their obsession with red meat is comical to her. But he loves the ritual, especially the part where he isn't paying. At least she remembered to order a good cider for herself.

**A**nd far, far away—in the Cursed North—three Gun-Witches have been riding for a very long time. Each of them is tired; they've been tracking a Horror for two weeks now. It's a smart one, covers its tracks when it can, leaves traps. It makes for exhausting work, but at least their saddlebags are still heavy with pemmican the Western monastery gave them. The three women begin the ritual of making camp in these dark, echoing woods. The riding wolves are tied up, a great fire lit (this far north, bandits

are of little concern if you aren't near the railway—the main risk is Horrors and feral vampires), and each sets off to forage for edibles in the wilderness. In turn, each of them returns with a different bounty. Crying onions, bitter and astringent until boiled sweet and soft. A handful of pine nuts spackled red, faintly spicy and tasting of nostalgic romance. And the third—aurora-mushrooms, fungus that sleeps in the day and feasts on the Northern Lights every night. It's not the best stew they've had, but they'll have each other. And when everything is eaten two will bed down together, while the other keeps them safe in the night. They'll take turns like this, and they cannot imagine living any other way.

**In the end**, life on Elonanji is about adaptation. So much was lost in the God-War; the dead Rat-Lord brought rebellion to almost all herbivorous livestock, and so they were cut down in self defense. Horses, cattle, mules, even domestic pigs. (Goats were not privy to this rebellion, no one is sure why.) They were ended in self-defense, and humanity adapted to their absence by domesticating wolves to ride and bears for their meat, milk, and leather. The fox-goddess of electricity? A once-writhing corpse, pinned to the ground in the far South. So instead of trying to move power across cables, just move the fuel in pipes.



## Gun-Witches and the Wider World

The Path of Shot and Shell isn't for everyone. Hell, it's not for most people. It means burning up your old life entirely, choosing to never have children, and knowing you'll probably die in a ditch. So, Gun-Witches are rare and in general a very particular person is attracted to it—the ones who think they have nothing to lose, and the ones happy to lose it all. This, combined with the fact that the witch an average person is likely to meet is a Western or a Stitcher, causes a bit of an image problem.

Well, more than that, being a Gun-Witch—even one in a more community-minded and helpful Order—doesn't automatically make you a positive force in the world. A lot of people wash out; they can't handle the philosophy, or they burn hot as poorly made powder, riding their arrogance straight into an early grave. So the average person usually ends up treating a Gun-Witch like something *elemental*—a storm of lead that rampages through town and leaves broken bodies and ruined homes. Sometimes though, if they're lucky, those broken bodies deserved it.

As a result, Gun-Witches have a tendency to have... *complex* relationships with communities. At least, at the best of times. At the worst, people might run them out of town because an old-mage or other con-artist whipped them up—all the better to keep their personal fiefdom in check—but what's sadder is when they begin to trust

Gun-Witches without hesitation. In the end, a Gun-Witch is their weapon (unless they're a Deserving scoundrel), and when your only tool is a hammer, well... the dead bodies have a way of piling up.

## Violence (For Everyone Else)

For most people, guns are nothing less than incarnated deities—powerful, terrifying, able to take life with a glance, as well as moody, cruel, and capricious. Without training in the arts of Disconnection, firing a gun is almost always a bad idea—it tears out random parts of your identity to transmute the miracle of shot and shell into sacred death.

So, what's a non Gun-Witch to do for self defense? Same as it ever was, mostly—pointy sticks. If you're fancy you can slap a piece of metal on the end of that pointy stick. That's some good shit. If you've got some money, add a shield. It's not like the average person you'll meet has a gun, so a spear and shield can get a lot done.

Now, if you want to reach out and touch someone, things become more complicated. If you're really poor, you're making a bow out of spare wood, iron, and some goatgut or such like. But if you've got some time, money, and mechanical expertise, the bread and butter is the crossbow. Making the thing out of steel means it can have surprising pep. It'll reach out almost as far as a gun and hit just as hard. You can even put a magazine on them and size them up. Still, such things make people wary. They

worry about attracting the attention of Mother Cordite and Father Steel. They're rather jealous guardians of their invention and best not meddled with. Also, there's one place crossbows can't compare: they're much, *much* harder to use when you're on the back of a raging animal, riding through the wilderness.

## Riding Wolves

Horses are done and dusted. They died with most of the rest of the livestock animals in the Rat-Lord's ill-fated rebellion. The goats remain, and no one knows why they did not join the war. Entreaties for answers are only met with a goat's knowing, sinister gaze; it continues to chew its cud, aloof from all mortal affairs. And goats are fine for hauling things around a farm, or from the farm to town to be sold, and then back again. But they've got no fighting spirit, no ability to take orders, they're goats—beyond such concerns.

So, for places trains won't or can't go, for fighting, and for sheer want to go fast and control where you're going, humanity needed a new long haul animal plucked from what remained. Bears were tried, but they were just too slow and needed too many calories—plus their habit of hibernating wasn't exactly the most attractive trait.

Alternatives were sought, and from one of the last remaining canines an answer came. They found their fool-looking, long-legged hound that lived on plains and mostly ate fruit and carrion. It was almost big enough to carry a small child and so those that once bred horses looked upon

and decided they'd found their new champion. Applying well-understood husbandry techniques led to results, breeding a beast whose head rose to a person's shoulder, strong enough to carry one (or maybe two) plus their saddle and bags.

These are riding wolves, the standard for personal transit if you aren't taking a train, have the means to handle the upkeep, and don't mind their tempers. See, given how things went with the Rat-Lord, no one wants a truly 'docile' farm animal now—lest they get Ideas or the Rat-Lord returns. So they kept the tempers. Riding wolves are mean-spirited if you aren't well known to them, and willful little shits. They come in all the coat colors and patterns you'd expect a hound to come in, and there's even varying coat types now—from long and shaggy to so short the thing almost seems naked, muscles all out there like it's some oiled-up ironshow.

They generally run on a combination of ground-up, dried fruit feed mixed with offal meat—but they can eat almost anything in a pinch, and live for twenty to thirty years if you take real good care of them, which most owners do. They bond hard with their humans, and there's more than one story of a riding wolf going mad at their handler's injury or death and wreaking terror on their foes. Many Gun-Witches keep riding wolves for this as much as anything else—it's an often lonely life, and dogs are still humanity's best friend, even now. The Western Order is especially known for the quality of its wolf-riders, whole covens living from wolf saddlebags as they go about their holy works.





# THE LINGERING DIVINE

Despite the carnage of the God-War, a handful of deities were able to endure—not quite **alive**, as such, but not dead either. Their worshipers cling to them, a lifeline in a cruel and demanding world, invoking them to work small miracles.

At times, one can feel the presence of the dead as well. Rituals that lost their meaning generations ago, carried on through habit, superstition, or because they simply Still Work. Relics carved from titans' bones, crumbling temples refurbished and repurposed into apartments and civic centers. A god-corpse might persist as a shadow of its former self—a Horror, or a ghost, or a mere echo on the wind—no longer able to wield power, barely if at all conscious, but still *there* like a scar that refuses to heal.

And, of course... there's always the possibility of new gods being born, isn't there? Though nobody takes it all that **seriously**, it's a common topic of discussion, a lingering hope / fear that no amount of evidence can kill. One can only pray that any such deity would be a bit more responsible than its predecessors.

## Father Steel and Mother Cordite

*Lady Three-Five-Seven struck the match, staring intently at the Apprentice. "So, then... Is Alran dead, or alive?"*

*"...They are not dead, for they linger here. But they are not alive, for they are disconnected from themselves, and from their old domain."*

*The Lady raised an eyebrow, the slightest smile on her lips. "Good. And what remains?"*

*"Only the act of disconnection, the moment they were torn apart. For a disconnection is itself."*

*Teachings of the Smoke-Shapes-Itself Coven, Chamber 1, Rotation 9*

Long ago, before the world was torn apart, **Alran, the Father-Mother**, sat at the Loom of Dreams, weaving together the best and worst impulses of mortalkind. In their hands, idle thoughts turned to powerful inspiration, love and desire into family and community and friendship; wherever their gaze turned, the people found the path towards prosperity, joy, liberation.

But the Father-Mother was not without enemies. For all their good intentions, they were nonetheless an arrogant and ambitious god, whose constant tricks and schemes had made them many enemies. So, when God-War erupted, and they tried in vain to stop it, to make peace—who would listen to a backstabbing thief? Who could trust in the purity of their intentions? Instead, Alran was among the first to die, torn in two and cast into the dirt.

Here is where the stories differ, where witches and theologians argue amongst themselves. Some say that the Father-Mother laid dormant until the invention of the First Gun; that when the First Shot was fired, half their corpse reformed around the bullet, half around the smoke and flash. Others say that they reformed *themselves*, or were reborn as a gift from Defiance—either way doing so out of sheer spite—and then *created* the First Gun as an instrument of their will, that mortals could forge and sever connections in their name(s).

Regardless of the means, two gods built themselves from Alran's corpse—the gods worshiped by all Gun-Witches.

**Father Steel**, who lies beneath the soil, is the god of Strength, Protection, and Willpower. Stoic and soft-spoken, but supportive, he is a source of stability and healing for his worshipers.

**Mother Cordite**, who reaches towards the sky, is the goddess of Warmth, Anger, Inspiration and Revenge. Though bombastic and often demanding, she grants powerful insight, drive, and good fortune to those that please her.

They are separate—perhaps forever, never to be made whole. They are united, inseparable, to remain at each other's side for eternity. Through the gun, they are death and disconnection; through the Gun-Witch, they are life and love and siblinghood.

There is no Dream-Loom anymore, but by their blessing, the people may yet prosper.



## Defiance, the Ashen Guardian

*Reality is a conjob, and not the fun kind. Things are only as real as you pretend they are. The problem is every drop of blood, every string of meat, is desperately pretending.*

*You'll never stop pretending.*

*But that's no excuse not to try.*

*After all, wasn't it impossible for her too?*

### *Sermon of Ashes-Upon-The-Ocean, Seer of Defiance*

There is a vulture above. No, a frigatebird. (Both answers are correct, both answers are wrong.) The vulture flickers, and disappears into a mirage. The woman below never saw anything, never noticed anything. The vulture was never there, and her gun was never empty. She will not die today, because her gun is not empty.

Information is a super-weird substance in the twilight of the gods. It shifts, flows—thinks for itself, and thinks of what it could be, thinks of what it was. In the days before the gods broke themselves, there was a goddess. The goddess of fire, of thunder, of invention and ingenuity. She was a blazing, burning star beloved by the Fatemaker—the one who sat upon the throne of knowledge and secrets.

Except, of course, that was a lie. The Fatemaker was a god of a thousand secrets, whose very throne was lies and obfuscation. They groomed the one who would become Defiance, from her first days as a mortal—to her ascendance to godhood—to their betrothal, and beyond. To the Fatemaker, she was a bodyguard, a vehicle to produce a worthy heir, and most importantly—someone to die in their place in the God-War. They saw what was to come in the shape of clouds and the shadows they cast upon the world. (Clouds are made of information, or to be more incorrect, they control it.)

And so, she destroyed his enemies—and she produced an heir—a son, clever as the Fatemaker but as kind, as warm as her. (His undoing would be her heart, and her son's. Many of her enemies learned how terrifying her love would make her.)

But she did not die. She fought in the God-War, and she hurtled towards her appointed death—until, on a quiet night where the trees whispered and the sky was blue like an ocean of watercolors, her son revealed the Fatemaker's plot to her. (No one knows what became of him afterward. Some say he died, sacrificing himself to save the mother he loved so much—others claim he gifted her his powers and disappeared into the mass of

mortalkind—the strangest stories  
say he fled into the corridors of  
Elsewhen at his mother's behest.)

Whatever became of him, her heart  
broke five times over, her flames  
guttered and turned to ash. (Ash  
is the anti-information. It changes  
facts as it pleases.) She would die,  
and she would ignore her death.  
The Fatemaker recoiled in horror,  
knowing their plan was dashed. The  
last days of the God-War, recounted  
in five versions in the text of the  
Speranziad, would see Defiance ally  
herself with the greatest enemy of  
the Fatemaker, A █ █ I s.

At first, it was convenience.  
But with time, and with the  
encouragement of Father Steel  
and Mother Cordite, it became  
something else. In Defiance of what  
she thought of herself, of what the  
Fatemaker decreed Ad █ █ I s's  
fate would be, of the logic of the  
universe. It became love, and she  
became someone new, the person  
who Defiance knew she could be.  
Together, they slew the Fatemaker.

Now she flies above what is left,  
rearranging facts into more pleasing  
shapes—in Defiance of the bleakness  
wrapped around Elonanji like a  
kerosene soaked blanket.



# Hope, the Iridescent Oasis

And she knew /  
that if she left /  
there would never be a smile  
Defiance left desolate /  
her laughter silenced  
A fate worse than death.  
And so she did not die.  
With the Fatemaker's spear still in her  
stomach /  
she spit in their face  
And refused to let herself fall[...]  
"You survived?"  
"I survived, yes. For you.  
/ How could I not?"

## *Selection from The Speranziad, Book II, Canto XX*

A crab with a shimmering black  
shell, no larger than a ripe mandarin,  
scuttles through the desert at  
lightning speed. She carries a canteen  
on her back, full of ice-cold water.  
Someone is dying of thirst, out there  
in the wastes, and it would not be  
right to abandon xem to xir fate.

She was not always like this. She  
was not always so small, did not  
always wield claws so gentle that  
they could pick up a marshmallow  
without leaving a mark.

She did not always *care*.

The Speranziad tells of the goddess  
once known as d Ka —how  
she created herself in the final years  
of the God-War, forged herself from  
splintered dragon bones and rusty,  
forgotten swords and the spilled  
ichor of a thousand deities now lost  
to history. She was a terrible being,  
hated and feared, who lashed out in  
pain and anger. In the knowledge that  
she was fundamentally unlovable.

And she was loved.

In the embrace of K i s n, who  
would become Defiance, who  
saw beauty and kindness within  
her; in the words of Father Steel  
and Mother Cordite, who would  
not coddle her, but refused to  
cast her aside; in the worship of  
mortals who turned to her out of  
desperation, needing *someone* to  
believe in and having so few options  
left, d Ka discovered hope.  
Hope for herself, and hope that  
Elonanji's scars might someday heal.

And so she *became* Hope. When the  
Fatemaker decreed that she would  
die, she dared to believe in a world  
where she would live—and when  
she died all the same, she built  
herself again, the same bones and  
blood and rust and sludge poured  
into a new shell. She dreamed of  
hands that no longer caused plants  
to wither and people to fall ill; of  
eyes that could see the same beauty  
in others that Defiance saw in her;  
of a *purpose*, a role she could play  
in repairing the world around her,  
healing all the scars—those she left,  
those she suffered, and those she  
had no role in.

And it was so.

Now she hopes for smaller things,  
because the big picture is always  
made of little pictures. Right now,  
she hopes to bring water to someone  
before xe passes out, never to wake.  
She hopes to save an innocent life.

She scuttles onward, leaving four pairs  
of tiny footsteps in the sand, to be  
blown away when the breeze picks up.

# HORRORS

The world is broken.

Say that to yourself again.

The world is broken.

Consider the image of a shattered window, pieces of glass scattered across a floor like clothes destroyed in a night of passion.

Horrors are the glass.

They are Elsewhen, and Nowhere; they are could've, would've, should've been. In a world with so few gods left (and one of them adamantly against defining reality too tightly), they pile up so easily. Each of them is a tragedy, stewed in bloody soil and briny water.

It is difficult to say when they might bubble up, because there's no single reason they form. Some are mortals, parasitized and lost to themselves by means of failed rituals or too closely straying to the spiritual planes, or even washed

away in a sea of spite. Some are half-born gods, or self-built beasts of bone, oil, and rust—a lot like K as, but lacking the sheer force of will and spite she had to stay Whole. Others? Others are moods, dreams, states of mind. The stories are as endless as the trail of bodies.

But there is always a story. Horrors are not random things. They are terrible consequences, forged link by link. Knowing those stories, the reasons, can make them less baleful—and give one a means to fight back. You can't kill the wind or the night sky—but a man that wove them into a cloak to protect his withered, bleeding body? He's still just a man, and a man can be shot in the head.

On the other hand, Horrors are not simply supernatural monsters—a pack of feral vampires in the Far North is pretty awful, but it isn't a Horror. A Horror is more complex than bullets can solve, a tragedy from yesterday reaching out a long, bloody hand into the future.



# EXAMPLE HORRORS

## Seventeen Seconds

Somewhere in the Southeast, where there are no clouds left to speak of—thank Defiance—there is a river canyon that is verdant and wild. It's lined with skeletons, still clad in beautiful silver armor, vines growing over them. Untouched swords lay between them like spent lovers. They say it's cursed, the way people and animals disappear down there, lost amidst the sounds of screaming and the crackling of thunder.

They aren't wrong.

Once every lunation, somewhere in the canyon a door will open, the size of a pinhole but with the terrible gravity of a trainwreck, instantly pulling in anyone foolish enough or unlucky enough to be near. The sounds of battle will ring against the walls, and goutts of light will stain them.

Inside this door a tragedy is playing out again and again and again. It's a battle from the days of the god-war, the sort of battle from an old children's story book with knights and wizards, except the ending is far more grim.

A wizard at the far end of the canyon will raise his staff and in a terrible flash of light the pinhole will disappear, to reappear next lunation—sans anyone who was inside the canyon at the end.

From the outside, the whole process takes seventeen seconds. Over the years it has killed many weary travelers and fools.

To end the cycle is simple—kill the wizard. It's easy enough. Beings from this age have no resistance to Disconnection as a force. They are not steeped in it like the survivors. A single round, even grazing, and he will turn to dust.

No, the problem is getting that shot. To get it from the inside is nearly impossible—it's an incredibly tight box canyon, fighting shoulder to shoulder. Time moves erratically inside, in fits and starts. And the Horror always puts the victim in the same place—at the other end of the canyon.

In theory, shooting in from the outside is possible. In theory, you could also win the lottery three times in a row and then meet Hope at a street corner on the way home. It is a gateway the size of a pinhole, brief and difficult to predict where it will spawn next, and then a Gun-Witch must make the shot of their lives. Across a raging battle into one, singular man. Even for Sevens and Easterns, it's a daunting prospect.

But if somehow it should be done, the timeloop will end, forever and ever. The ghosts will at last fall still, and the canyon can become a place of rest and respite.

## The Broken Record

It starts again in a library, in a town—a desperate scrabbling towards a better future, hope for everything and everyone around it.

It always ends in tragedy.

The Broken Record is a book from the corridors of Elsewhen, a record of a better world—more compassionate, kinder, with a less bloody God-War and... no Hope. It appears in random libraries and repositories, never staying long in any of them. The paradoxes stack atop it like layers of sediment in a riverbed. Always and ever, it tries to make things better. It recalls its world into our own, trying to rebuild our world into an image of it.

At first, this looks like small acts of kindness, missing details and smudges in the world, always around the temples of Hope. (Nothing abnormal when one of the chief deities is Anti-Information.) And then it gets worse. The Record cannot understand the forces of Disconnection, Ash, Cordite and Steel—because it was never made to understand them.

Information flows upwards. The light in the world dies as Hope itself is extinguished in the smallest, most well-meaning way. Communities become broken husks of themselves, remembering things that never happened and unable to name what that hard-shelled spider thing might be called. The world rejects them as an infection, the way your body rejects a virus.

But the Record does not mean ill, and the Record can be stopped—by simple acts of kindness, by building a better world around it. It only reacts to change the world when it is exposed to enough cruelty and misery.



## A Raging Inferno

There is a Fire. The Fire still remembers its old name. It remembers being K'mi an. But the fire has no mind—it's slough, castoff. It's barely aware of this.

What it does know is that it was *betrayed*, betrayed by those who'd loved it most. Who'd vowed to keep it safe. Or so it thought. Now it is filled with hatred and pain, the kind of trauma that only has one outlet when there is no mind to guide it.

Horrible violence.

The Raging Inferno is an idea, a state of mind, a compulsion—to see everything and everyone dressed in fire and blood. The infection can lay dormant for years, spreading silently among a community by talk of fire, combustion, creative endeavors, and invention—until some poorly understood tipping point is reached. The beginnings are innocent enough, candle sales spike, people organize bonfires.

But as the tempo picks up, it takes a darker turn. Trash is burned, then spare materials, then food and homes and loved ones in an endless conflagration with no catharsis—an unending scream of emotional agony into the world.

Treatments are strange and varied: the sight of artifacts of il n's son, who was to be the Lord of Time—clocks and diamonds, even particularly clear and sparkling glass. Or symbols of d s as—rusty implements, snakes, empty seashells (ironically, the only time the Dread Queen of Despair's works might bring hope to the world). Particularly effective: clear, direct sunlight. Not because it brings calm, but because it shows there is nothing to strike at it.

But in the end, there's only one true cure. A great crematory funeral, with the burning of incense, dedicated to the grief of the community, the pain and suffering of life transmuted into once-holy flame and set free. All who take part in such an event are cured, and can never be infected again.

In the early post-war years, the Inferno could depopulate entire regions, transmuting them to briny ash. But with every funeral, it has become weaker, it takes longer to reach its zenith and the solution is better known, symptoms identified more quickly.

It is theorized that in another two generations, the Inferno will go extinct. Another scar of the God-War finally healed.

# THE SHOT-DRUNK

Lady Raining-Lead fires a shot down the alleyway, towards her lifelong rival, Sib Silver-Speaks-No-Lies. And Mother is it a beautiful one—it paints the whole alleyway in those sunset colors she always loved. The ones that made her want to be an Eastern Gun-Witch in the first place. It even hits. Ze stumbles back, blood gushing over zer white, diamond-studded gown.

If only it killed zem.

A moment later, the Song of Steel rings in their deaf ears. Nothing but the sound of something metallic and empty against a hard surface. The music of a Gun-Witch's last bullet. Not **physically**, no. Lady Raining-Lead has at least three filled speedloaders in the pockets of her dress. Guns are avatars of Disconnection, the holy force binding and separating Father and Mother, and a witch has to channel that force through her fragile soul to take a shot meant to disconnect another from themselves.

Lady Raining-Lead's soul has been pushed too far. She can already feel it, the cracks in herself. Like running your finger along mortar in the hot summer sun—jagged and warm in the worst way. Another shot, any shot at this point, and her soul will crack open to become something less. The way a gambler's coin is transmuted into regret.

When Sib Silver hears it, zer grimace of pain is washed away with a smug smile. Ze pulls zemself up. And Lady Raining-Lead knows she cannot do anything to stop the headshot that is coming. But oh, ze does something so much worse.

Ze extends zem bloody hand. As if ze is her friend, as if ze has the **right**, like ze's not a selfish creature in a too-expensive gown.

"It was an honor."

And that is the moment a terrible choice blooms. Lady Raining-Lead raises her gun again; just to watch that smile melt, just to watch the terror on zem face...

"Don't do this, Ra—"

Just to watch zem brains dribble all over that fucking gown. And quietly, ever-so-quietly, something breaks. (She doesn't hear it over her own laughter.) Something that will never be replaced, though she'll sure as hell try, fitting handfuls of other people's souls into the wound inside herself. (It's like cotton wadding on a septic wound—meaningless. The rot's too deep already.)

A monster stumbles out of that alleyway, twirling through the streets, just happy that she won.



Every Gun-Witch will one day face a choice, be it after three weeks or a decade. What happens when they've fired their last shot, and their souls are too brittle to accommodate the violence of the gun as it once did? They can retire, take a place of respect in their covens, and live out their days as an honored elder, teacher, and keeper of the mysteries of Shot and Shell.

Or they can fire their last shot again.

And again.

And again.

Something shatters inside when they do it.

Their eyes take on a sheen like polished steel, their flesh slowly crumbling to cordite. Something rattles when they move, the terrible rattling of something broken that can never be repaired. They'll **try**; some start by throwing themselves into their Sparks—an endless storm of drugs, revenge, greed. But it never lasts, it never ever lasts. The void in their heart just gets bigger and more demanding, and their ghostly hands will shove themselves into others, tearing off pieces of their soul like plucking fruit from a vine. They'll shove those pieces into the wound in their own soul, and for a little while it even helps: their minds clear, and they look something like they did in life. But it always passes and they're always worse after.

But the most terrifying thing about the Shot-Drunk, why the first hint

of one will make even Deserving put their guns down and work with the other Orders, anything to stop them before they get out of control—

They're immune to the bullets of others. They can still shoot *themselves* and it'll take, the remnants of their being finally dispersing like a dandelion seedhead, but the bullets of others mean nothing to a Shot-Drunk—they'll just spit them out, load them up, and send them back. Ones that exist long enough can also learn to harness their odd state between ephemeral and solid—moving through walls and obstacles, or letting their bullets do the same to reach victims. The worst even have guns that learn to crave souls *themselves*, their bullets becoming something like teeth. But not all Shot-Drunks are created equal.

Stitcher and Breaker Shot-Drunks tend to cause the fewest problems—they're likely pushing themselves for one last job, one last thing they have to do to protect others, the joy and beauty of the world. Even if it burns them to cinders in the process. They're cold, sad things with all the life drained out, and at the end of that last job they'll almost always put that gun to their own head and save everyone else the trouble of dealing with them. The few who don't are like toys without string, wandering the waste and repeating the sounds they hear, or staring at walls until they crumble.

Ironically, the Deserving also make comparatively unthreatening Shot-Drunks. The destruction of their

souls often leaves them with only the basest understanding of Want and Desire. They'll usually become obsessed with collecting objects, and as long as you don't keep them from what they want they're just terribly confused, childish things. Once, a Deserving Shot-Drunk in Hexarail became obsessed with teapots, and by the end of her spree it was estimated one out of ten teapots in the city was in her giant hoard.

Sevens are the first truly fearful ones. They become ghosts of vengeance, random shots in the night for crimes that make sense to no one else. An endless hunt without a target or objective, no score left to keep. Particularly cruel and clever people have tried to manipulate them into crashing into their enemies. It always goes wrong.

But Westerns and Easterns? The very idea makes whole covens shiver together, mobilizes Gun-Witches for miles to stop them. Westerns go cold, like Stitchers and Breakers, but a worse kind of cold. The kind of "pragmatic" cold that the most selfish use to justify their short-term impulses. They're the most spiritually developed, the most community minded witches and the eldest—shouldn't they have the **right**? They'll shoot you in the gut, and then tear your identity to pieces, telling you what an honor it is. And Easterns become something beautiful, something terrible between a hurricane and a butterfly—flying lead blooming in every direction, swirling skirts and unearthly laughter—caught in the simple joy of their own violence.

Methods to kill Shot-Drunks vary between Orders. Stitchers call upon the forces of Flame and Ash—which is to say their favorite is burning them to death. Their cordite-flesh takes wonderfully if they can be lured into it. Sevens hunt them like anything else, slow and meticulous, studying them and finding their weaknesses before drawing them into terrible, complex traps of explosives, blunt objects, and sharp edges. The better to make sure they're gone. Breakers usually try to talk them down, make them realize what they've become—but like convincing any person they're ill, it can be a massive struggle. When it works, though, it **works**—if they can be convinced to shoot themselves, they'll dissolve into cordite and steel within moments.

The Western Order uses ornate rituals to Alran to turn the rent threads of their own soul against them, strangling them in a noose of ruined connections. Easterns rely on their trademark agility and grace, dodging storms of bullets that slowly wear down the Shot-Drunk's already-ruined soul, setting them up for a terrible finale—the theft of their gun. Without a firearm, Shot-Drunks rapidly crumple in on themselves, like cheap paper in a fire.

Deserving are surprisingly effective at fighting them, too—without a soul to buttress their defenses against the Golden Curse, their ruined flesh can rapidly turn to coin and gemstone. Particularly clever, bold Deserving may even set themselves up as hunters of the dead, banking on the fear of Shot-Drunks making them more tolerable to other Orders. Sometimes it even works.



# JOBS

A **Job** is what it sounds like: a task given to you by a client or a fellow witch. Once you accept a Job, it's your duty to carry it out, unless you have a **damn** good reason to bail. (You don't want to give yourself and your coven a bad name, do you?)

Gun-Witch is built with one-shots and short campaigns in mind, but if you like you can string multiple Jobs together into a longer campaign.

We've included five Jobs below, enough for a full campaign of Gun-Witch. (If you'd like to run all five, we encourage you to do them in the order presented.) Even if you're planning to run a Job of your own creation, we recommend taking a look at them, so that you can get a sense of what sort of threats your players might face and what information they should have on hand before risking their necks.

## Campaign Upgrades

If you **do** choose to run an ongoing campaign, award the players with one upgrade per finished Job. These aren't *individual* upgrades; instead, they're improvements to a facility or practice associated with each Order. These bonuses apply to all PCs, even ones who join up later on. When the sixth Job is finished, we recommend closing out the campaign (and possibly starting over from square one).

**Ash-Canals.** Fed by stoves, furnaces, and the pyres of the Order of the Sacred Stitch, these canals hold ash to be used as fertilizer—and in rituals to invoke Defiance's protection. **Once per Job, a player may treat a failed roll as a success.**

**Mixed Magical Arts.** Tournaments organized by the Eastern Order allow Gun-Witches to duel in a *relatively* safe setting, while structured debate and study groups encourage ideological exchange and closer relations between sects. **Every**

**player gets an additional ability from an Order *not* their own**—a Seven-Mile witch, for example, might take **Threadripper** or **Shot Chaser** (but not a third Seven-Mile ability).

**Thrice-Blessed Fireworks.** The finest form of the most sacred Breaker art—sanctified first by Hope, then by Mother Cordite, and then by Hope once more. To witness their beauty is to be blessed in turn, animated with such a powerful will to live that one can defy death. **From now on, players start every Job at +1 Morale.**

**Emergency Caches.** The Seven-Mile Order has always maintained a network of outposts and lockers throughout the wilderness, stocked with ammunition, food, and other supplies. As the Order grows, so does the network—to the point where other Gun-Witches, even outsiders, are permitted to take what they need. **Every player gets +1 maximum Powder.**

**Foundry-Hostels.** Facilities maintained by the Western Order to provide high-quality metal, affordable lodging, and free food, all in one convenient package. The waste heat from the crucibles is used to smoke meat, roast vegetables, and keep the rooms livable (if not always *comfortable*) in the winter. **Every player gets to choose one additional customization option for their gun.**

## BROKEN GLASS

The House of a Thousand Hands terrified the people of Elonanji's far western shores since the end of the God-War, a monstrosity of clasped hands and forced prayer. It left a trail of broken bodies in its wake and so many sobbing people.

The world's finest Gun-Witches came together to put it down once and for all—and succeeded. But the leader of the team, *Lady Butterfly-With-Obsidian-Wings*, went Shot-Drunk during the climactic confrontation. By the time the dust cleared, everything was dead.

That was a week ago. Engorged on the strength of several powerful Gun-Witches, Lady Butterfly has gone on a rampage across the western shores, slaughtering whole villages and forcing an unprecedented evacuation of the region.

## YOUR CONTACTS ARE DEAD

You were the recently branded acolytes of the secondary team's Gun-Witches, brought along to help manage any looting or such-like in the wake of a monster like this. After *Lady Butterfly-With-Obsidian-Wings* went Shot-Drunk, they sent you to evacuate people in her wake. From the lights in the night, the fading gunfire, and the dying screams, you know what's happened.

## TARGET

### LADY BUTTERFLY-WITH-OBSIDIAN-WINGS

One of the most storied Eastern Gun-Witches of her day, a former acolyte of the famed *Lady Steel-Sings-You-To-Sleep*. She shared her penchant for exchanging the bright white skirts of her order for night-black—but with splashes of shining, iridescent blue-green in the pleats. Now she's a ruin of laughter, crumbling cordite, and steel bones, desperately stuffing itself full of



stolen lifeforce to move another day.

Since going Shot-Drunk and glutting herself on more than half a dozen other Gun-Witches, her power has increased exponentially. She's manifesting capabilities normally only seen in much older Shot-Drunks—ephemerality (both for herself and her ammunition), hungry teeth-like bullets, and strangely enough, the ability to manifest ghostly butterflies whose senses she shares, and whom she can detonate for a terrible explosion of spiritual energy. (There is nothing like this in the records. It is almost certainly a sign of Something Terrible if she isn't stopped.)

**Weapon:** The Revolver “Fluttering-Wings-Cut-Heart-Strings,” engraved with wings and swirling with unearthly colors. Its bullets are like teeth now, ever-eager to spill blood. They seek their own targets when fired, and feed Lady Butterfly when they find their mark.

Now, normally one of the best ways to stop a Shot-Drunk is to starve them out. The only problem with that is...

## INTEL

She's on course for **Orhan**, one of the largest cities left on the sharp, cruel bluffs of the Southwestern Coast. Once a place of great magical learning, its shattered wizard towers rise from the ruins and mist like cavity ridden teeth. It's still home to a significant population, many of them archeologists, anthropologists, and old-mages. And maybe, just maybe, you could get enough of them out if the Ten-Star line was still in town... but, of course, they just left.

On the bright side, its dismal, confusing streets are great for losing a rabid Shot-Drunk, and if you sneeze you'll probably trip across some sort of magical artifact that belongs in a vault about five miles under the ground. (Small comfort that it is.) Also, given the whole situation, literally no one is going to object to you, say, trying to drop a ruined building on her. (Though that might be difficult given her ephemerality—maybe you could just try a lot of them at once?)

Also: good news, bad news...

**BROTHER THE-HOUSE-ALWAYS-WINS  
AKA “HOUSE”**

*6 Powder*

While you're thinking about the fact there's an incredibly dangerous Shot-Drunk heading into town, there's already someone doing something about it!

...by using it as an excuse to rob rich people.

Brother House is a he/him woman who's less ostentatious than most of his Deserving sibs—the better to disappear into a crowd. He prefers plain but well-tailored suits and opts for simple robbery over complex scams. The woman is barely older than you, and he only has his freedom because he killed his “mentor” (read: kidnapper and brainwasher) in the night. He's content with this kind of life, just robbing rich fucks. (Really, how's that different from the Stitchers who go around knocking over railroad barons? At least that's what he'd ask.)

He's an inveterate coward and basically out to make a quick buck before he runs for his life. But seeing other Gun-Witches around makes a woman paranoid... and as clever as he is, he's young enough and desperate enough to have his conclusions jump from his brain to his trigger finger before he can stop them.

On the other hand, no Gun-Witch is better at fighting the Shot-Drunk than a Deserving wielding the power of the Golden Gun. If you could somehow convince, bribe, or strong-arm him into helping you out, his shotgun could make a huge difference in what's coming next.

**Weapon:** “Crash-the-Party.” Like him, his shotgun is unassuming, but a sharp eye can pick out the rich mahogany furnish and the subtle rose-gold paint job. Like any Deserving weapon, he can load it up with valuables to fire it, the pricier the better.

And if this wasn't enough, there's always...

TOBIAS OAKHEARST 2 Armor, 2 Powder

*This motherfucker.* There's always one. An Old-Mage who runs the local “night watch” (a gang with a veneer of respectability earned by beating people until they stopped disagreeing), and he hates Gun-Witches more than the average Old-Mage—a *lot* more. (Rumor has it one of his children ran away from home and joined a Stitcher coven, but that's a tale for another day.)

He's an expert on harvest magic, growing and controlling plants, with a speciality in sap and bark manipulation which he uses to furnish himself in extremely fire resistant armor. He wears this armor while he goes around rabble-rousing, decrying Gun-Witches and how this is clearly their fault the whole way through. (Never mind that he never had *any* plan to deal with the House of a Thousand Hands.) He's got himself a torch-and-pitchfork mob filled with angry people who, frankly, haven't done anything wrong except get misled, bolstering his force of heavies with clubs, shields, and various plant-based bombs and ranged weapons.

He will try to kill you, and he will make an utter pest of himself. Luckily for you he's also an alcoholic who loves getting sloshed after a busy day whipping up mobs, so that might be a good time to pick him off. Or maybe you could get the help of one of his family members—he's the kind of man who treats his family the way a Deserving treats coven-mates, exploiting them however he can. Lots of resentment there.



# DRY HEAT

**MAIDENGLORY** is a small town. Always has been, even back before the god-war, when the whole western half of the continent was all riches and beauty and blood stacked ten stories high. Some folks say that's **why** it's still around—when everything around it was burning or crumbling, nobody bothered invading. What would be the point when there was nothing holy or glorious about the place?

Lately, though, its luck seems to have run out. See, it's situated right next to one of the larger and faster branches of the River, and that cool, crisp water is what keeps the cherries growing every summer, the mandarins growing every winter, and the barley-bread (a local specialty) fluffy and savory.

It's also *not flowing* this year—one of the hottest years on record, no less—on account of the dam that just went up, the words "SOUTHWEST LIQUIDATION" embossed on the front in letters so large you can see them from ten miles away.

## YOUR CONTACT

**SIR SHUTTLE-GOES-FORTH-AS-THE-HAMMER-DRAWS-BACK**

She used to be a member of the Western Order coven a couple miles north, but the rest of them packed up and headed out several years ago. She stayed behind; she couldn't shake the feeling that something **bad** was on the horizon, and she figured there ought to be at least one witch keeping a close eye on things.

Turns out she was right (and she's more than a little smug about it). Now the question is how to go about *solving* the problem, i.e., "busting open the dam and several affiliated skulls." It's all she can do to keep Maidenglory from fraying at the seams, so she needs whatever help she can get if she wants to get the river flowing again.

## TARGETS

**RICKY "BIG BLUE" BLAUVELT** 1 Armor

A self-described "investor and architect," and the brains behind the whole scheme. Ricky's not much of a fighter, but he's an *excellent* lookout—being the cautious, observant type—and damn good at running, too.

**Weapon:** A whole-ass ballista, mounted to the top floor of the hideout. (He's not much for direct confrontation. *Getting* to him is the bigger problem, especially if you're dodging bolts the size of bears in the process.)

**SILVER van de VLOEK** 3 Powder

An optimistic old-mage looking to Reinvent Our Modern Relationship To Magic. X mostly seeks to do this by developing hexes, blights, and magical assaults powerful enough to make "traditional magic" as dangerous as Gun-Witchery... and x's getting *real damn close*. All x needs, x says, is a bit more cash to keep the reagents flowing and the research equipment maintained...

**“Weapons”:** Silver carries a small chrome orb, chained to x’s wrist, which x uses as a focus to perform x’s various Feats of Bespoke Spellcraft. The most dreadful of these are *creating blood elementals* (each of which has **1 Powder**)—which can lash out with claws of rust, drawing out *more* fresh blood, and can burst violently out of a “prepared” victim’s body—and *invoking the Clouds*, which allow x to tap into the lingering power of the fallen Fatemaker to forcibly reshape Truth within a several-meter radius.

### “FREIGHT TRAIN” FITZGERALD

3 Armor

The single deadliest member of Southwest Liquidation, this enormous woman got her name from her triple-reinforced full-body armor (which she *never* takes off except to bathe) and the fact that it doesn’t slow her down one bit. She’s perceptive and cool-headed, too, so ambushing her is going to be a challenge. Do everything you can to avoid getting run down.

**Weapon?** Unlike her subordinates, Fitzgerald doesn’t bother carrying a crossbow or a truncheon. The way she sees it, nothing she could hit you with is going to be half as deadly as her own two hands. (She might be right, all things considered.)

PROVISIONAL SISTER (PENDING THREE MORE MONTHLY PAYMENTS) SIX-ACES 2 Powder, 2 Armor

A “former” con-woman, Southwest Liquidation’s head of security, and an aspiring member of the Order of What You Deserve. She carries a revolver, “*Naming Rights To This Gun Are Still Available*,” but she doesn’t know

how to use it safely yet, so it’s mostly ornamental. What she *does* know is how to spot a sucker at a thousand paces, which hallways and entrances are most appealing to infiltrators, and how to wrangle a bunch of desperate jerks into a half-decent squad of enforcers. Take her out, and those enforcers are going to be a lot less effective and a lot more disorganized.

### CRACKSAND

Beneath the riverbed lies a sloughed-off fragment of a local harvest-goddess. Until recently, it’s been comfortable down there, enjoying the feel of the water as it rushes overhead, the silt and mud as they shift below. If the flow of water isn’t restored **fast**, it will become **uncomfortable**, and when it gets uncomfortable, everything and everyone *around* it gets uncomfortable. Very, very quickly.

Should this Horror wake up, it will have only two things on its mind: anger, and *thirst*. Its mere touch will be enough to **drain the liquid** from someone’s body, reducing Powder by 1 and severely injuring mundane enemies, even through their armor. It can also call up **terribly dry winds** which dessicate all that they touch (also reducing Powder by 1 if you can’t escape, block, or redirect them), and **reshape mud and soil** on a whim... but these powers will rapidly dehydrate it, forcing it to return to “feeding” as soon as possible.

On the plus side, even if Cracksand *does* get testy, all you have to do to placate it is bust open the dam, which you were going to do anyway. Just try to do it *quickly*, yeah?



# SNAKE EYES

Five blocks off the center of Hexarail, a plot of land is being excavated. The cover story is that it's prep work: there's going to be a factory going up, but something's wrong with the ground. It has to be dug out, cleansed, sanctified, filled back up, properly leveled.

Only *most* of that story's bullshit. The ground is cursed, alright. Cursed by Despair Herself. There's a tunnel in that big dirt pit: a grimy, ichor-stained tunnel made of marble and bone and time-worn brick. And that tunnel leads to a shrine to **d's** **a's** Herself. The **old** one. The one Hope **used** to be.

The work isn't being done by a construction company. It's being done by a **cult**.

And they want Her Eyes.

## YOUR CONTACT

This job actually came to you straight from Trash-Fire-Burns-Like-Dawn, the witch-journalist, who's been digging up some dirt of his own for a few weeks now. He plans to put together a team of his own to hit the cult's headquarters a few blocks away, just before you strike; *hopefully*, that'll draw enough attention that you can slip into the excavation site with relatively little trouble.

He won't be on hand to provide much direct assistance or guidance, but he's nothing if not thorough. You'll be going in with a comprehensive understanding of the cult's plans

and membership, maps of the excavation site and the shrine itself, and instructions on storing the Eyes without Something Terrible happening.

Unfortunately, because nothing can ever be simple, you're not the **only** one who has that info...

## TEAM RABBIT-PUNCH

...because *another* group of Gun-Witches has *also* caught wind of what's going on, and they're planning to storm the joint too. Now, they have every reason to off these despair-cultists as well, so they could be useful allies to an *extent*, but at the end of the day, you can't **both** get your hands on the Eyes. Tread carefully and be ready for a fight.

### LADY KITH

6 Powder

A Broken Boundary witch and the leader of the team. Her friendly and cheerful disposition stands in stark contrast to her fighting style: Quick, Efficient, and *Dirty*. Expect the worst, and try to cut her off from her allies if you're going to fight her head-on.

**Weapons:** Her firearm, *Retrorocketry-Crushes-The-Unprepared*, is a double-barreled shotgun—perfect for bunny-hopping in one direction, then changing course mid-flight. Her sidearm is a pair of spiked knuckles, useful for climbing as well as for doling out concussions.

### LADY KIN

6 Powder

Kith's wife, who's been with her since before they converted. Quiet and serious, with a tendency to

get lost in her own thoughts when she's not writing poetry or blowing someone to bits. A big fan of ambushes and fighting in the dark; she's one of the few Gun-Witches skilled enough to reliably catch others off guard, but *only if she knows they're coming*.

**Weapons:** Kin uses her twin revolvers, *Light-The-Room* and *Drown-The-Sun*, to fire tracer rounds that shine as brightly as a roaring fire—perfect for helping Sir Waste find his mark in poor lighting, and blinding at close range. She also carries a heavy-duty chainsaw; sometimes it takes a few pulls to get it going, but once it's ready, it can carve through wood, stone, and even steel without trouble.

**SIR DON'T-WASTE-MY-TIME** 6 Powder

A Seven-Mile witch on a one-man crusade against “every bastard trying to make the End come *faster* when he's not finished taking notes.” Chummier than most Sevens, insofar as a *hungry* mountain lion is chummier than a *rabid* mountain lion. Serves as the team's scout, and tends to migrate from perch to perch rather than settling down in a particular nest—he gets agitated otherwise.

**Weapon:** The extremely heavy rifle *Smear-Your-Skull-With-Ashes*, thrice forged and six times consecrated. The recoil is a hell of a thing, but every bullet he fires kicks up a small storm of blinding, choking ash on impact. On the off chance that's not enough, he's also got a bag filled to the brim with flares and dynamite (a birthday gift from Kith, apparently).

## TARGETS

### THE NAMELESS ARCHPRIEST OF

3 Powder

This guy. This fucking *guy*. He's an old-rich industrialist, self-taught mage, and #1 contender for the most punchable man in Elonanji. As far as Trash-Fire can tell, he has no great tragedy in his past, no desire that has gone unfulfilled, no master plan beyond forcing a beloved goddess to regress to her hateful, terrifying, and miserable former self. Maybe he's just doing it because he was *bored*—sick of winning, sick of being rich and successful, sick of having a life of ease. Maybe he's doing it because he's just that full of hate, and wants to hurt other people even if he gets caught in the crossfire. Or maybe he doesn't see the *point* of hope (or defiance, for that matter); the powerful are never the ones that need it most, after all.

**Weapon:** A spray-bottle full of his personal brand of holy water: powdered coal, bone meal, bile and blood, consecrated in a rite which should have stayed forgotten. Anything the foul mixture touches is overwhelmed with despair—including inanimate objects, which rust, rot, and crumble at the slightest touch.

**If your Morale is above -2 when it hits you, reduce your Morale instead of your Powder.** On the plus side, it's not fatal in and of itself—if one more hit would bring you to 0 Powder, you can roll Grit to overcome the angst.



### SLATTER

3 Armor

Whatsisname's personal bodyguard. Tall enough that they don't so much *duck* through doorways as touch their toes. Never speaks, never shows an inch of skin. Might not be *alive*, actually—it's hard to tell, the way they move, never seeming to leave a footstep. As a rule, they never leave the Archpriest's side, so trying to draw them away will be an extremely challenging endeavor. Fighting the two of them at once... wouldn't be much easier.

**Weapons:** A lance as long as a train car, and a bandolier of flint throwing knives—good for starting fires as well as stabbing and slicing. If you can get in real close, they'll have a hard time actually hitting you, but that might not matter much if you can't penetrate their armor...

### MELODY MERRICK

1 Armor

Construction foreperson for the site, she's only recently realized what the *actual* purpose of all this is, and feels like it's too late to get out. (A sentiment not helped by her and her crew's exposure to "holy water" without decent PPE.) She's in charge of above-ground operations, and has access to a keyring and explosives which might be useful in the shrine, too. It's just a question of getting her to give them up... one way or another.

**Weapons:** Up close, she'll defend herself with a hammer and wrench—nothing special, but enough to put a dent in your skull if she swings 'em or throws 'em hard enough. More importantly, if she realizes you're there *before* you get close, not only will she scramble the rest of the crew, she might take a swing at you with the site's hydraulic crane. (No hard feelings—she just knows that if she lets you pass, she'll probably get killed or fired for it.)

### VARIOUS PETIT-BOURGEOIS CULTISTS

1 Powder

Small-business losers who want to claw their way into the *upper-upper* echelons of society and figure that resurrecting the Goddess of Despair is as good a way to do it as any other. The Archpriest has made a lot of promises to them that he does not intend to keep, and—let's face it—they didn't join an openly evil apocalyptic cult for the sake of lining their pockets because they were *smart*. (If they were, they would've just become Deserving.)

**Weapons:** "Blessed" revolvers which they are not trained to use properly. They don't even know enough to *go Shot-Drunk* properly, so if they're lucky, they'll get one decent shot off and immediately kick the bucket. Still, gunfire is gunfire, so don't get cocky.



# Snake Eyes

Construction Site





# WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS

Every so often, there's a war between the railroad barons. Once in a blue moon, that means entire companies coming to blows over a particularly valuable contract, or who has the rights to expand into such and such region, or because some executive snubbed another and things escalated from there.

But what's much more common is the *internal* war, with mid-level executives hiring proxies to dig up dirt, break whatever they can find, and smash a few skulls as part of a power play within their organization. Right now, that's what Quicksilver Queen is going through.

You're lucky enough to be the proxies in question. It's not an *important* job, in the grand scheme of things. Probably won't make anyone's life better, save for your employer. But with the kind of money he's offering, only a fool or a coward would say no.

## YOUR CONTACT

FRANCIS HATCH

A Branch Administrator at Quicksilver Queen whose career has stagnated in recent years. He says it's because he got stuck with one of the least profitable legs of the route, without enough budget to bring it up to snuff. Others at the company might be... less charitable.

He's figured out the perfect way to get things into gear, though. All he needs to do is gather "social intel" on the other Branch Admins, scrape together some "supplemental funding," and ensure that a particularly irritating Director of Operations is "relieved of his position."

And wouldn't you know it... All three of those things are going to be on the same train real, real soon!

## TARGET

Hatch wants you to accomplish two things. First: kill Andrew Halicarnassus, Regional Director of Operations, Sector III. Second: raid the train's cargo vault for all the information and valuables you can find. (On top of the amount he's paying you out of pocket, you get to keep half of whatever you can carry back.)

Neither of these is really the *target*, though, because that implies some degree of threat. Halicarnassus can't fight back, and the vault—secure though it may be—is ultimately just a box with a big door on it. No, the real target is...

### THE EMPRESS Mk. V

An especially fancy and *secure* train used exclusively by the elite (and their personal assistants). In addition to its reinforced armor, it's absolutely *crawling* with security; most of them have 2+ Armor, and *all* of them carry pocket knives, handcuffs, and collapsible crossbows. (They take a while to unfold properly, but a bolt to the face is a bolt to the face.)

The train *itself* has weapons, too—ballistae, harpoons, and flamethrowers mounted at regular intervals along each side of the cars. This isn't the first train robbery that Quicksilver has had to thwart, and they're **not** going to hold their fire without an extremely good reason.

Even *boarding* the Empress will be a challenge. You could clamber aboard from the top, but this route has *lots* of tunnels, plus it's plagued by glass-rain, so you'll need to make your way in fast. You could sneak onto the open-air orchard just in front of the caboose, but you wouldn't be the first to try; security will be keeping an eye out. Alternatively, you could always **blast** your way inside; it won't be *easy*, but it'll at least be *possible*, because you're riding a beast of a train yourself.

### Your Train:

#### THE BLOODY CHEVALIER

A train unlike any other, built for one purpose and one purpose alone: *combat*. It's little more than an oversized engine covered in mortars, ladders, and ballistae, without a single car trailing behind it—they'd only slow it down.

The only thing to keep in mind is that while the Chevalier can dish it out, it sure as hell can't **take** it. If the Empress or its security retinue actually manages to land a decent shot, you'll be losing a lot of speed, assuming you're able to stay on the track at all. Don't waste time, don't take unnecessary risks, and make sure to keep an eye out for narrow tunnels and the sort of large, languid beasts that love to make themselves at home too close to the tracks.



# THE EMPRESS'S CARS (FRONT TO BACK)

## THE LOCOMOTIVE

Essentially just an iron box on wheels with a furnace inside it. No doors save for the one that connects it to the Crew's Quarters. No windows, either, for security—three old-mages at a time scry the outside world and project what they see onto a screen for the conductors' sake. If, for some unholy reason, you enter, you'll find it incredibly hot and cramped—plus it's a dead end. *Do not get cornered in the locomotive.*

## THE CREW'S QUARTERS

This car is filled up wall-to-wall with living amenities—pretty nice ones, for railway crew, actually. The bunk beds are sturdy and reasonably comfortable, there's a large supply of water and snacks, and there's even a small recreation and dining area in the middle. It's still loud, a bit dirty, and extremely cramped compared to the *passenger* cars, of course.

## THE 1<sup>ST</sup> M<sup>ST</sup>-CLASS QUIET CAR

For those who don't want to be disturbed, this car is 100% soundproof: no noise gets in or out. Between the seats there is a procession of bulging bookshelves, including countless novels, plays, and trashy self-help and business strategy books—even, people claim, a few Rare Occult Texts tucked away somewhere.

## THE WORLD'S SMALLEST SWIMMING POOL

*This* fucking thing. It's **one lane wide** (because you are *on a train*) and barely four feet deep, with beautiful tile flooring on either side. No lifeguard, obviously, where would they even sit? Practically nobody uses it—you have to book it in advance—so it's mostly there to sound cool on the brochure. And *even then* it requires an absurd amount of maintenance to keep it clean and structurally sound.

## FIRSTMOST CLASS

All of the Empress's passengers are elite, but this is where the *real* bastards ride, the ones who can destroy and **have** destroyed entire towns on a whim, the ones that everyone else side-eyes in case they get a little too big on Centralization and Vertical Integration and decide a nation-state might be a good idea after all. Expect lots of Quicksilver security, *plus* the passengers' own bodyguards. This, naturally, is where you'll usually find **Andrew Halicarnassus**.

## THE COIN AND CUP

You know how in a *kind of* rich person's house all the decor is basically normal, if clearly expensive, but in a *really* rich person's house everything looks like some kind of fucked-up chintzy dreamscape? If so, you have a decent idea of what this restaurant-bar-casino complex is like. Genuine stained-glass partitions divide the car into color-coded sections, each of which includes several bespoke marble statues and oil paintings (available for auction), *altogether* too many chandeliers, a bustling menagerie, a variety of card and dice games, and a section-specific flavor of sauce in its sauce fountain (salsa / ranch / cheese / chocolate / strawberry / mint-jelly). Funnily enough, most of the games are rigged *in favor* of the players; 1<sup>ST</sup> M<sup>ST</sup>-class tickets are expensive enough that Quicksilver Queen still comes out ahead.

## THE PIT

Somehow, the Q.Q. engineers managed to cram an entire orchestra into this car—an especially impressive task since it's *at best* half as long as the others. The music is pumped into the restaurants and non-quiet cars through the ventilation, providing passengers with a pleasant soundtrack for their journey.

### THE KITCHEN

One extra-long, extra-hecktic car that's kept constantly busy by demands for food from *both* of the trains' restaurants. (It's an economy of scale thing—the Q.Q. finance department insisted.) In order to actually *get* those meals *to* the passengers without busboys constantly bumping into security guards and violinists, several horizontal dumbwaiters are mounted on the underside of the train.

### THE MUNITIONS CAR

Ballistae and crossbows don't work without bolts, and flamethrowers don't work without flammable liquid. Massive quantities of both are stored inside this car, which—for obvious reasons—sports heavily fireproofed walls and a shutter-and-pump system that can remove all oxygen from within. Of course, that system is both very expensive and very *delicate*; it's usually reliable, but there are no real countermeasures in place if someone were to sabotage it...

### THE SECURITY CENTER

This car serves as a central hub for the train's official guard detail; they eat here, sleep here, drink here, and control the various external weapons here. Only crew members are allowed inside, despite the occasional 1<sup>ST</sup>M<sup>ST</sup>-class passenger who demands to be let through so they can visit the grove.

### ANDY G's STEAKHOUSE

A *relatively* tasteful dining area set aside for executive-class passengers. Potted trees, stone pillars, and tables draped in black (the better to conceal any stains) are arranged around a central bar serving only the most expensive wine, whiskey, and ouzo. Sofas on either side of the car provide a comfortable spot for people to drink as they watch the outside world rush by.

### EXECUTIVE CLASS

If you're rich enough for a handful of servants and a four-bedroom house, but not *quite* rich enough to buy a town outright, you ride here. It's still grotesquely fancy compared to most trains, but something about being near the **ultra-rich** makes a lot of the **merely** rich get touchy; on some trips, especially around midsummer, the attendants will draw straws to see who gets stuck back here on "punching-bag duty."

### THE GROVE

Hastily converted from a stock car—you can tell by the tall, sturdy, bear-proof railings—this open garden is meant as a place for E<sup>XC</sup>-class passengers to get fresh air, view the sunset, and see foliage sourced from all across Elonanji. Some of the trees here even bear fruit, which passengers are theoretically allowed to help themselves to. Nobody really bothers, though.

### THE VAULT

The rear car of the train, like the locomotive, is like a massive metal crate on wheels. The only entrance is a steel door, twenty layers thick, adjoining the back of the Grove. This door can only be unlocked with four separate keys, each held by a porter posted at a different position on the train; each of these locks *also* requires a matching ten-digit combination... but that can usually be found scribbled on a piece of paper attached to the matching key. The only other way in would be to *blast* the doors open, but that would take enough explosive material to supply an entire Breaker coven...



# IN THE HARSH LIGHT OF DAY

LADY STOCK-MARKET-CRASHES-THROUGH-YOUR-SKULL, C.O.O. of the Taiga Sky Rail Company and one of the oldest Deserving witches still alive, is *discontent*. Unable to fill the hole in her heart with wealth and social power, she's decided to focus on *firepower*, developing increasingly dangerous and heretical guns in order to bolster the strength of her children.

But that's not the real problem—not tonight. Tonight the problem is much bigger than anything she could develop with modern technology: a relic of the god-war, a superweapon that'd laid dormant in the heavens until she managed to excavate the targeting mechanism. Three weeks ago, a mountainside town a few miles west of Lady Stock-Market's mansion organized to prevent the construction of a new blood-mine—too close to the water supply, they said.

Forty-eight hours after that, the entire town was burnt to ash in an instant.

It's too much power for anyone to have, god or mortal—**least** of all the Deserving. That's why you've been selected by *Lady Bushes-Rustle-with-Possibility* to infiltrate Lady Stock-Market's mansion-compound, shoot her dead, and destroy the targeting mechanism, rendering the weapon inert once more. It's the only way to be sure.

## YOUR CONTACT

*LADY BUSHES-RUSTLE-WITH-POSSIBILITY*

A middle-aged Seven with long, braided sandy brown hair and—strangely for her order—a bright, winning smile. She's organizing this

job for more than altruistic reasons: Stock-Market once committed a crime against her coven, and Bushes has been hunting her for years. But she's starting to slow down, and knows she doesn't have what it takes to kill that many Deserving at once. Instead she's spent her time doing recon on the base and its various Gun-Witches, laying the groundwork for others to finish the work for her.

## TARGETS

*LADY MONEYSHOT*

6 Powder

Lady Stock's infamously taciturn riflewoman, a half-trained Seven who Stock managed to con into following her. An expert on sniping, traps, and stealth, with just enough in the way of Deserving magic and tactics to keep you guessing. Typically found patrolling the outskirts of the compound, or nestled away in her observatory-nest.

**Weapon:** "*Leveraged-Buyout*." Rifle with Zipline rounds, or maybe a Watchful Eye spirit. Lady Bushes isn't quite sure.

*SISTER RISE-AND-GRIND-YOUR-BONES*

6 Powder

Raised by Lady Stock since childhood, she's acquired a reputation as a deadly enforcer... and as a drugged-up party girl. A shotgun surgeon with a fuzzy-action weapon and her own variation on Breaker "bunnyhopping" where she slides along the ground and uses her shotgun as a sort of momentum booster. If she ambushes you, you will die. On the other hand... she's been seen by Lady Bushes arguing with coven-mates since

the destruction of the town, and her alcoholism has reached a new destructive crescendo. Maybe she's having a change of heart?

**Weapon:** *"Three-Easy-Payments."* A Fuzzy-Action shotgun; if she gets the drop on you she gets three attacks in a row.

#### SER SHORT-SELL-YOUR-SKULL

6 Powder

Lady Stock's loyal second—well, as loyal as a Deserving witch **can** be—and Subdirector of Operations at Taiga Sky. Ze leads Stock's security forces, heavily-armored mercs armed with enormous crossbows and riot shields. *Relatively* easy to deal with if you can catch zem on ze's own—but that's easier said than done.

**Weapon:** *"Rightsize-Your-Life,"* a Deserving-enchanted revolver; any moving coin it strikes becomes a bullet itself. It can also fire valuables instead of regular ammo, as long as ze can cram them into the chamber.

#### LADY CLINKING-COINS-FALLING-HAMMER

6 Powder

The youngest of Lady Stock's coven, and the one who has been with her the shortest amount of time. She was being trained as an Eastern witch when Stock killed her mentor and press-ganged her. Lady Bushes-Rustle-with-Possibility has identified her as the most likely to be flippable. Even so, she fights with the frightening revolver skills of an Eastern Order witch, and is not to be under-estimated.

**Weapon:** *"Forget-Yourself-To-Be-Reborn."* Spark Cylinder revolver that previously belonged to her Eastern mentor.

#### BROTHER KEEP-IT-ROLLING 6 Powder

Another one of Lady Stock's "children", abducted as a child and heavily indoctrinated. He serves as one of her enforcers, kitted out with armor and a rotary autocannon (complete with an incredibly heretical system to burn up **other** people's souls instead of his own when he fires). He's killed more witches than anyone else on the premises, and doesn't seem like he plans to stop any time soon.

**Note:** Brother Keep-it-Rolling does not spend Powder to fire his autocannon (since it burns up stored souls instead of his own). In addition, he has heavy body armor that counts as **Armor 2** until it is reduced.

**Weapon:** *"Bulk Discount,"* his signature autocannon with an ammo carrier on his back. He also carries a very fancy double-barrel shotgun (*"Manager's-Special"*) as his backup.

#### LADY STOCK-MARKET-CRASHES-THROUGH-YOUR-SKULL 7 Powder

The queen bitch herself. Ruthless, infamously cruel, and equipped with the sort of cleverness primarily found in starving dogs. Fights with an over-under shotgun/rifle. Expect the worst when fighting her—she acts without an inch of hesitation or mercy, even if it means sacrificing her own children and employees for the slightest advantage.

**Weapon:** In addition to a wrist mounted targeting mechanism for an orbital death cannon from the God-War, she carries an over-under rifle-shotgun named *"Capital-Injection"* (quite heretical). The top barrel fires rifle rounds, while the lower barrel fires shotgun rounds with a relatively tight choke.



## THE COMPOUND

Cedar Cliff, a little logging settlement *just* at the edge of the taiga proper, has been commandeered by Lady Stock-Market and her coven as their estate and personal playground. With Taiga Sky refusing to sell them tickets out of town, they're pretty much stuck—unless they want to brave a ten-day hike through the tundra separating them from the nearest Quicksilver Queen station. Other than the **abandoned town hall** and the old **sawmill**, there's little of interest in the town itself save for a handful of taverns and a Taiga Sky company store run by Brother Keep-it-Rolling, who likes to rest his autocannon on the counter lest anyone complain about the prices.

The coven's chateau is a sprawling two-floor building, gated off from the rest of the community; a heavily-monitored section of railroad travels through a pair of large gates, dropping deliveries and guests off at the coven's personal **train station**. Right next door are a **warehouse** (for storage of shelf-stable food, cleaning supplies, and other odds and ends) and the **power station** for the whole compound. Off to the side, there's an **explosives storehouse** for use in mining endeavors, personal defense, and Rise-and-Grind's recreational activities.

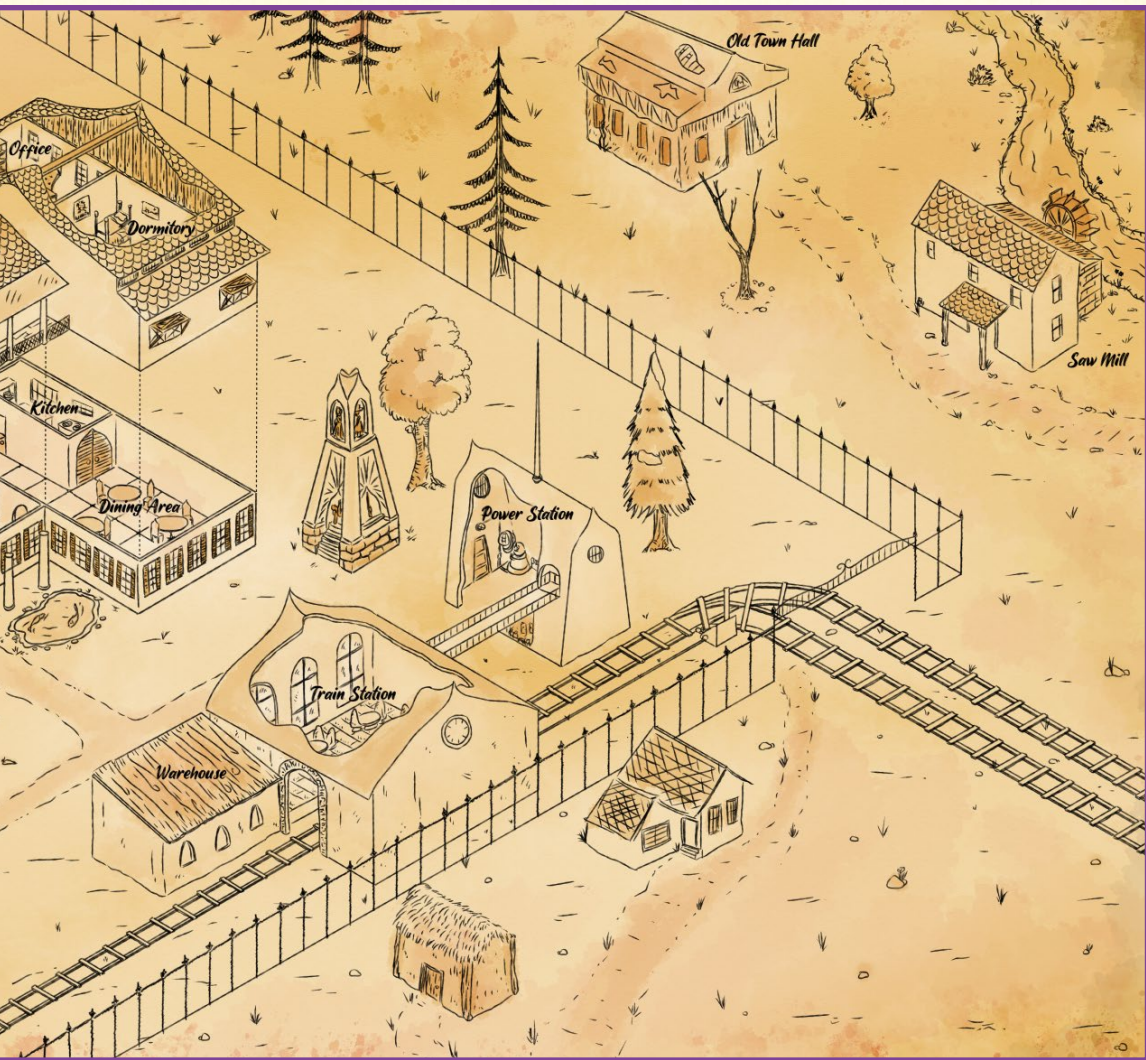
The first floor of the mansion is centered on a sprawling **main hall** filled with expensive artwork. Off to the side, there's a small **dining area** with an attached **kitchen**; a **library** mostly consisting of thick, dry works on magecraft and Deserving theology; a **stockpile** filled to the



brim with bullets, bolts, hardware, and minor magical curiosities; and a small **chapel** featuring a gleaming golden statue of Sir Blood-is-but-Rust in his prime.

On the second floor, you can find a **gallery** which displays even *more* artwork, as well as a handful of rare plants and God-War-era weaponry; a **balcony** overlooking the railroad; an **observatory** with an attached (and surprisingly cozy) **sniper's**





**nest**, where Lady Moneyshot spends most of her time; a **training area** featuring a compact firing range and a well-stocked rack of free weights; an **office** reserved for Ser Short-Sell and Lady Stock-Market's dealings with the rest of Taiga Sky; the **master bedroom** where Lady Stock-Market sleeps (23:00 to 4:30 every day, time is money); and the shared **dormitory** where the other members of the coven sleep.

Security throughout the chateau is not to be trifled with. Have an approach in mind, a backup plan if it doesn't pan out, and a backup plan for *that* backup plan to be safe—and remember, no matter what happens, **destroying the targeting mechanism is more important than anything else.**

Even your own lives, should it come to that.



# A HANDFUL OF DUST

## RUNNING GUN-WITCH

*And Lady Knee-Deep-In-The-Heretics took up her warhammer and forged a great and terrible weapon. From ore melted off of the gates of the Heavens she shaped its lethal maw, and with the smallest bones in the skulls of dragons she crafted its hammers, triggers and springs. From the wood of the World Tree, fallen across the blasted landscape, she carved the beast's forearm and stock. She filled the mighty weapon with ever-burning flame and her own rage and thirst for justice. She named it In-Lieu-Of-The-Gods-I-Shall-Cast-You-Into-The-Pit, and it rent the firmament itself with every pull of its trigger.*

- *Second Book of Revolutions,  
Chamber 4, Rotation 2*

Being a GM is hard work, I won't lie. You're the world, the hot sun cutting against a leather hat, the farming community down on its luck, the weight of all the history that lives in every nook and cranny, and the Deserving Gun-Witch who has her (very fancy) boot on their necks. And then you have to know the rules, make sure everyone is having fun, organize sessions and make sure they happen.

But there are ways to make it easier, to relax, and enjoy the time with your friends. With any luck, this section should make that easier. To start us off, some broad tips:

- ☆ **ONLY PLAYERS ROLL DICE:** In Gun-Witch, only the players roll dice. If you want to do something, just say you do. Players can (and often will) resist, and that's where the dice come in.
- ☆ **ONLY PLAYERS HAVE STATS:** Since NPCs aren't rolling dice, they don't need to roll *over* or *under* anything, either. At most, they need Armor and/or Powder so that you can keep track of how dead they are; Horrors might not even need that.
- ☆ **TELL THEM WHAT THEY'RE GETTING INTO:** Gun-Witch works best when the players are put up against a larger force, but given room to determine their approach. It's generally best to avoid ambushing them, hiding crucial information, or forcing them into a fight they can't escape from. That way, when complications *do* arise, they're more likely to feel like a consequence of their actions or a part of the job.
- ☆ **BE FLEXIBLE:** Give the players a goal and clear direction, but let them determine their plan of attack. Set up situations where they have more than one way to get in and out of trouble. If they ask you, "is there *such-and-such* object in the room?" or "could I use *this* power in *that* way?", only say no if you have a very good reason.

Other than that, the biggest thing worth keeping in mind is **tension control**. Broadly speaking, a Job should get more tense as it goes on: alarms are raised, more dangerous enemies arrive on the scene, devious plans are set into motion, catastrophes threaten to take out friend and foe alike. But it shouldn't **just** be a matter of making things harder and faster as the game goes on.

Make sure to allow for lulls in the action, here and there—chances for the players to run and regroup, or hide and catch their breath. If a powerful enemy is defeated (or surrenders), let the smoke clear and the sparks fade before bringing in the next one. Not only does this prevent things from getting too overwhelming, it also gives everyone else at the table a chance to roleplay and hash out their next strategy.

Also, make sure they get chances to feel **cool**. Those opportunities shouldn't always come easy, but when they do, you should sell them—half the fun in **creating** tension is letting the players **resolve** it. Dig into the way it *feels* when a Stitcher is able to tear clean through a superweapon: *the sound of metal scraping against metal, the sense of horrible magical potential suddenly dissipating, the silent fury on the robber-baron's face as he realizes what they've done*. Think about the Deserving witch's last moments as her pulse slows, her grip weakens, her revolvers fall to the ground with a sad little clatter.



# APPENDIX

## CHEAT SHEET AND

## CHARACTER SHEET

### Lose Powder when:

- ✧ Shooting at a sapient being (unless using *Bolo Rounds* or *Dazzle Rounds*).
- ✧ Attacking in close quarters (unless you're a **Sacred Stitch** or **Broken Boundary** witch).
- ✧ Using Abilities with a Powder cost.
- ✧ Getting attacked or otherwise hurt.

When you run out of Powder, you either retire, die, or keep shooting and become a **Shot-Drunk** at the end of the scene.

### Gun types:

- ✧ **Rifles** take time to reload, but can be used at long range.
- ✧ **Revolvers** lose effectiveness at long range, but don't have to be reloaded.
- ✧ **Shotguns** take time to reload and lose effectiveness at long range, but can damage several closely-grouped targets for only **1 Powder**.

### Armor:

- ✧ Reduce **3 Armor** to **2 Armor** with **explosions, sabotage, or special abilities**.
- ✧ Reduce **2 Armor** to **1 Armor** with **sustained gunfire** or a **very powerful impact**.
- ✧ Reduce **1 Armor** to **0 Armor** with any successful attack.

### When you need to roll...

Roll a six-sided die and compare it to the relevant stat. If the result is higher, you fail. If the stat is higher, or if it's equal to the die result, you succeed.

Roll **Force** for acts of strength and destruction; **Fortune** for acts of luck and trade; **Grit** for resilience, stubbornness, and intimidation; **Grace** for speed and elegance; and **Tactics** for master-plans and mind-games.

Firing your gun is generally an automatic success *unless* conditions are terrible, or you're targeting another Gun-Witch or a particularly fast Horror.

### Turn order:

- ✧ **Western Witches** always get a free turn at the start.
- ✧ If you set up a **successful ambush**, you're at the top of the turn order.
- ✧ After that: **Eastern** witches go first, then **Broken Boundary** witches, **Western** witches, **Deserving** witches, **Supernatural** targets besides other witches, **Seven-Mile** witches, **Sacred Stitch** witches, and finally **Mundane** targets. Then loop back to **Eastern** witches.

If a PC and NPC are in the same Order, the PC goes first. If two PCs of the same Order fight, whoever draws their gun first goes first.

# Gun Witten

Character \_\_\_\_\_

Order \_\_\_\_\_ Player \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Force

☐ Fortune

☐ Grit

☐ Grace

☐ Tactics

## SPARK

\_\_\_\_\_

## WEAPON

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Type \_\_\_\_\_

Tags \_\_\_\_\_

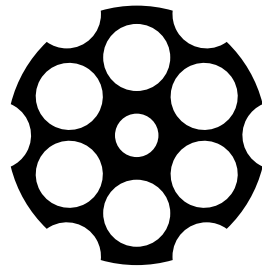
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## MORALE

-2 ☐ -1 ☐ 0 ☐ +1 ☐ +2 ☐

## POWDER



## ABILITIES

## CAMPAIGN UPGRADES

☐ Caches  
+1 max Powder

☐ Mixed Magic Arts  
Out of Order Ability

☐ Hostels  
+1 Gun Mod

☐ Fireworks  
Start at +1 Morale

☐ Canals  
1/job, turn a failure into a success

TURN ORDER: Western > Ambushers > Eastern > Breaker > Western > Deserving > Supernatural > Seven-Mile > Sacred Stitch > Mundane